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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume 18

WINTER, 1937-38

Number 2

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# SOME

# MISSOULA

## BUSINESS CONCERNS

---

The little town of Hell Gate was founded in 1860 four miles west of the mouth of Hell Gate Canyon in Western Montana. This was Missoula's beginning. Frank L. Worden and Cristopher B. Higgins, partners under the firm name of Worden and Company, came from Walla Walla, Washington with a pack train bearing miscellaneous merchandise, having a settler's license to trade with the Indians, and built a little log cabin to house their goods. This was Missoula's first real store.

Hell Gate, as Hell Gate, lived for five colorful years in its first location. The first trial by jury, the first white marriage ceremony, the first flour and saw mill in Montana and the last hanging of Montana "road agents" took place there in those five years.

During the winter of 1864-5 Worden and Company erected a saw mill at the place where Missoula now stands, and in the spring of 1865 began the erection of a business house. In the fall of that year they moved their store from Hell Gate to their new building. Other buildings were put up by other parties, and thus was the town of Missoula established. Hell Gate had moved east—four miles.



New stores and businesses began in quick succession. Among the first men to come were R. A. Eddy, E. L. Bonner and D. J. Welch. When the region around was little more than wilderness, peopled principally with Indians, gold-seekers, trappers and other venturesome persons, all helping to build this territory these men erected a log structure, very crude and primitive, and called it Bonner & Welch, the beginning of Missoula Mercantile Company. Anything could be purchased in that very small frontier trading post—from a side of bacon to a prairie schooner. Growth and natural events caused the firm's name to be changed to Eddy, Hammond & Company and later, in 1885, to Missoula Mercantile Company. This company is now the largest in Missoula. It serves all of Western Montana through its wholesale and retail departments. Two of its 275 employees have been in the store more than 50 years, six for more than 40 years, 20 over 30 years, and 81 between 10 and 25 years. 644 persons draw their support from the Missoula Mercantile either directly or indirectly.

---

When the Northern Pacific railway was building through Missoula, early in the 1880's, the Missoula Mercantile Company established several lumber mills along the lower Hell Gate canyon to furnish ties and lumber for the construction. One of these mills, about seven miles east of Missoula, became permanent. In 1887 this mill became the Blackfoot Lumber Company. Its retail office was located at Missoula. Years later the Anaconda Company bought the Blackfoot Company and the retail department, still at Missoula, was called the Interstate Lumber Company. Today lumber for nearly all of the homes and commercial houses in the Missoula district is furnished by the Interstate. It deals in all types of building materials.

In 1890 John R. Daily and James A. Walsh owned and maintained a small meat shop on Missoula's main street. Business improved—the store enlarged—Mr. Daily bought Mr. Walsh's interest. Today John R. Daily, Inc., markets wholesale and retail meats throughout Montana under the DaCo trademark. DaCo meats are produced entirely in Western Montana by Western Montana workmen, from stock raised by local farmers.

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The story of two institutions which have had much to do with the building up of Montana's business affairs in the way of supplying the office materials, would occupy more space than we can devote—we refer to Helena Office Supply Co., at Helena, the oldest store of its kind in Montana, and The Office Supply Company at Missoula, the largest stationery store. These are stores that one does not outgrow—birth announcements are furnished when the child is born, his first books come from them, later his school supplies, and finally the equipment and necessary articles for business life. The stationery store is a specialty shop, the sales people must be especially trained, not so much as to how to sell as what to sell. Most customers of the stationer do not know just what they need and it is up to the clerk to figure out and suggest.

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The Red and White food stores have become established in Western Montana in the last five years. There are now 60 independent merchants dealing in Red and White products in the Missoula territory. The merchant owns his own store, his interests are those of the community and he helps in Western Montana development by serving the community



as well as himself. The wholesale department for Red and White products is in Missoula.

These stores and others and the facilities they offer make Missoula the hub of Western Montana. They have helped the development of Missoula from the time Missoula was merely a small trading center in a practically undeveloped region.

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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. 18 No. 2

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Winter, 1937-38

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*"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."*  
—THOREAU.

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## DARK RETREAT

ERIC THANE

THERE was dust in his nostrils and in his throat, but the bitterness that twisted his tongue like the taste of gall-soaked meat wasn't from the alkali blizzarding out of the west eighty: it was a physical manifestation of something that raged within him, something incoherent yet inexplicably definite. It found physical evidence in such an ague of aged muscles that his two great-grandchildren were forced to aid him, one at each elbow, over the soil drifted in riffled mounds between the porch of the farmhouse and the road, where waited the dusty car that was taking him away.

"Great gran'pop's feeling poorly today," Dolores, the girl great-grandchild, said in a low voice to her brother.

He heard the words, though his ears were old, and the wind had a demon wail. He wanted to cry out that it wasn't his legs, worn out with work on this farm, that were failing him; that it wasn't his back, torn from half a century of labor over the sod and the soil and the dust, that made him falter now. They were young children, and they could not understand; they were youth, young and raw and unsympathetic as this dusty land had once been. God forbid that they would ever be old and dusty and harsh as the land was now, as he himself was—weary with that ultimate fatigue which he himself had never known existed until now. Lacking that weariness, they could not

comprehend that something which dragged his feet through the drifting soil, that brought his dazed look again and again back to the homestead which was the birthplace of his children, that had been El Dorado to him, that had been his life and his shining star—a dusty star, now, dim and lifeless and more memory than anything else.

"Hurry up, old man," his grandson, at the wheel of the car, urged. "That wind is coming harder. Thank the Lord, by tomorrow we'll be out of this dusty country! We'll head straight east for my place."

Headed east, out of the dust . . . Once they had said, *Go west, Young Man*—but that was long ago, long ago, and now there reiterated through his mind like the thin patter of hail on a galvanized roof a distortion of that phrase, grimly significant, *Go east, Old Man, Go east*.

"All right, old man!" his grandson called, "Hold your hat!"

He let in the clutch, hard, and the hind wheels of the car spun in the sand, with scarcely enough traction to force a forward zigzag course. Dust duned across the road, spilling in intermittent waves over a tumbleweed-choked fence of which only the post tops were now visible. The field beyond was a grey, grey waste, twisting, writhing in tortured folds under the scourge of the wind.

"Pah!" the grandson spat in contempt, and saliva whipped back into his

face. He cursed. "Well, great grand-daddy Riggs, it's time you pulled stakes and left this lousy dust bowl of hell. Dad was wise to leave it young. He tried to convince you you ought to go, but no, you had to stick. Well, there's the Riggs ranch now!"

"Why, we aren't very far away, and I can't hardly see it any more!" the boy great-grandchild cried. He shifted his look from the dust to the old man. His nose wrinkled. "You feel awful, great-gran'pop?" he asked, "Is your legs hurtin' you awful?"

"Not my legs, Danny!"

His mouth was bitter and dry at the same time . . . They would not understand, they could not understand—they were too many years away. Even his sons would fail to comprehend, and his grandsons were so long removed from the soil that to them the emotion raging through him would seem absurd. They were city bred. The earth, the land, meant nothing more to them than a brief, unpleasant contact with it during their few visits with old man Riggs, visits that had grown rare with the increasing fury of the wind and the dust. And this was the last visit of any of them, sons or grandsons, and now he was yielding to their wishes—their last visit, and his retreat, and he was thinking that never again would he be here . . . *Go back, old man, go back whence you sprang.*

"Big drifts ahead! Hold your hat!" his son warned him, and the car, at high momentum over a strip of undrifted road, struck a dune of dust cascading like a wall across the tracks. The machine lurched, wheels whined without traction, then the other side of the drift appeared and power gripped anew.

Old Riggs looked back. The grey

curtain that certainly was not the diminished sight of senility thickened so that the retreating track appeared as in a pall of grey, grim grey, intangible but at the same moment definite, so definite that it smoked invisibly through him. *Go west, young man.* How long ago—fifty, sixty, seventy years? He didn't recall now, and it really did not matter. The air had been sweet then, and the prairie sod was sweet, and life was sweet, and he was young; there was a home to build, children to be born, an empire, not in acres so much as in his own mind, to carve. *Go west, young man* . . . a clear call, that he'd heeded because youth was rampant in his veins, because there was hope and ambition, and the agony of life was sweet agony.

*Go east, old man, go back, old man* . . . He failed to see the ranch now, but he'd see it always, not with these tired eyes of his but with a mind that was never tired—dust spilled like snow over the house, the barns, the sheds; the windmill that was choked and would not draw water; dust on the twelve Lombardy poplars that had been planted years ago, poplars watered first by hand and later by a power pump, slowly strangled by the snakes of the dust that crept about them, caressingly, to murder them. The snakes of the dust were everywhere, writhing, creeping through every crack, spilling into nostrils and mouth and lungs, driven into the bearings of machinery, until the very seed of life grew dusty.

Those dozen Lombardy poplars had been young once, vibrant, healthy, nursed from youth to maturity in the hope that some day the owner of them would sit in their shade and survey his acres and say: "I have done well." And



the years reared them big and strong, green-leaved with life, but the years, too, saw the first dusting of grey, whipped by the wind from the fallowed fields to the west: and year by year saw that coating thickened, until the leaves drooped from the weight of it. But bravely they withstood—as bravely as the man who wanted to sit, in his last days, beneath them and say: “I have done well—I am content.” And now they were old, and Riggs was old, and they were defeated. They stood bleakly in the blizzard of dust, stark and lifeless, with little of existence in them, fighting to the last, but destined to a dark retreat beneath the dust.

“It’s terrible!” Riggs’s grandson gasped, blowing his nose while he held the wheel with the other hand. Dust erupted from his nostrils and stained the fiber of the handkerchief. “The Great American desert, grandpop! Dust Bowl is right! Shouldn’t have come here in the first place. That’s what I say and that’s what my father said about it! It’s reaping the whirlwind, isn’t it?”

“What does reaping the whirlwind mean?” Dolores wanted to know.

“What your great-grandpappy did for tearing up the soil. Understand?”

“No.”

The grandson screwed the windows more tightly shut, but inside the sedan the air remained heavy with dust. The car bucked the wind. More and more the grandson cursed.

“Well, one consolation is that thirty miles from here we’ll be pretty much in the clear. And headed east. You shouldn’t have left Ohio in the first place, grandpop. You’d have been a rich man if you’d stayed there instead of roaming out here onto the prairie!”

*Go west, young man . . . go back, old man . . .*

Riggs said, “When I first come here there wasn’t a plough’d been put in the prairie sod. There was Injuns an’ buffalo. I was here when the wind come just as hard as it does now, but it was clean wind.”

“That’s what you get for hogging the land. Yep, you reaped the whirlwind all right, I’d say!”

“What does that mean?” Dolores repeated.

“That’s what your great-grandpappy did, I told you. Didn’t you understand?”

“No.”

The wind was an old, old wind, and he knew it was old because he had listened to it all his life, and he was an old, old man. Once the wind and he had been friends, the wind a rough friend perhaps, but still rousing a sense of partnership by its everlasting presence. That was before he had torn the grass roots and before the wind had begun to thrust sharp teeth into the soil. In man’s scheme of things the soil was meant to nurture corn, but in reality it was a slave to the wind once the bonds of sod which held it motionless had been released by the plough. Then it became wild, rampant, fleeing when the wind touched it, lifting into black clouds that swept east, east, east. And then the wind and he had become enemies, and he’d begun to fight it and curse it. It had been too strong and now he, like the dust, was in dark retreat before it.

A dozen poplars, saplings at first so weak that guy cords held them erect, watered, pampered, dreamed about; later grown straight and tall in adolescence; and still later hard and gnarled

with maturity—he'd remember them, above all else. They were trees that were old now, strangled by the dust, the same dust that coiled in his throat, pressed against his lungs, inside them, choked him—trees old as he was old, old, weary, defeated, in retreat beneath the dust. *Go back, old man, go back.*

"Well, grandpappy, in another day you'll be eating my wife's cooking, like I've always wanted you to!" the grandson said. "You stuck it out, there on the ranch, pretty stubbornly, but I always told you that it wasn't the place for you after you got old. Well, you'll have comfort the rest of your days now. You'll be back east. No more dust!"

"No more dust!" old Riggs echoed. "No dust, no dust."

"Pop, what does reaping the whirlwind mean?" the girl great-grandchild persisted.

There was no answer. The grandson with eyes straight ahead peered and peered into the dust. Presently he switched on the lights. His eyes were bad, and Riggs thought of that dimly, incoherently; and then he looked back, and the grandson peered and peered into the artificial darkness ahead while the grandfather peered and peered back. But Riggs knew it would be of no use—the grey veil had dropped behind him and the Lombardy poplars, forever . . . *go back, old man . . .*

## NINETEEN YEARS AFTER

GEORGE WITTER SHERMAN

The alien gun, heroic to the fraction,  
The birds reject still for the library lawn;  
The children, who respond to its attraction,  
Know nothing of Belleau Wood or Soissons.

They explore it now with a curious rapture;  
Squint through the sight-hole; read in bronze embossing  
The scroll of names below this prize of capture  
Of boys who never made a homeward crossing.

We move uncomfortably as if a door,  
Blown open, chilled us, disillusion's ban on  
Our lips . . . They ask: What were you fighting for?  
And was that all our town received, *one cannon?*



# SYMPHONY

EDNA I. ASMUS

WHEN Lydia reached the concert hall a crowd was already pressed against the closed doors to the gallery entrance. She had fully expected to be the first to take her stand before those doors, having started exceptionally early so that the long-coveted luxury of a seat in the lofty first row might be hers on this last night. Instead there was only this final frustration.

It was final, though, Lydia realized with relief. There was nothing more that could happen. And once again she felt that strange, empty feather-lightness of dissolution that follows a leap into space, a momentous decision.

Taking her place in the jostling, swaying line she glanced at the foyer clock. More than an hour to wait for the doors to open. And when they did would she be able to climb the long, steep flight of stairs? She had had nothing to eat since morning and had walked far.

A compact wall of bodies hemmed her in. The air was heavy. Voices droned. Things blurred before her eyes. A clammy cold like crawling insects spread over her skin, followed by a wave of nausea. She felt herself sinking into abysmal blackness.

She was roused by a shout and a violent surge of the crowd. The doors opened. Pinioned by a multitude of elbows she was pushed forward, thrust through, convulsively released. She fell weakly against the wall as the torrent rushed past her. But with a supreme effort of will she began the breath-taking climb; clinging to the

iron railing, hearing dully the victorious stampede high above her.

By the time she reached the gallery it was black with people. Exhausted, she sank to the floor. But someone put firm arms about her and helped her up another steep flight of stairs to a seat. Her hat was removed and a hand fluttered over her hair.

"All right now?" queried a distant voice.

Lydia's tongue and lips formed a "thank you" but there was no breath left to sound it.

Slumping in her seat perched dizzily in the last row, she sank into a torpor, vaguely thankful that the worst was over. It would be easier going down.

The ceiling lights glared upon her, bringing into high relief the pallid skin, the furrowed brow, the deep shadows under the prominent cheek bones, the sensuous but colorless lips. There was nothing in that mask-like face to identify the glowing and redundant Lydia she had been. A Lydia whose zest for living had found a welcome outlet in her passion for music; whose only ambition had been to have at her finger-tips the magic power to translate into tonal concord the inarticulateness that encumbers the soul.

Her father and mother and brother, with the understanding of unselfish love, had contributed materially to the realization of that ambition. And had sent her, after the musical resources of their home town had been exhausted, to the city.

Taking residence in a club whose

members were all students in the fine arts, Lydia found the driving excitement of study infectious. And under the combined impetus of her own zeal and the inspiration of her music master, she progressed with a sureness that augured well.

Days—weeks—months passed in rapid singing succession. Life was full of beauty and the wonder of creation. Already she could render with affecting virtuosity the musical compositions of others. But this did not satisfy her. She wanted to pour out into her own music the thoughts and feelings that could be released no other way. And in the compositions and improvisations she began creating, she recognized the first intimations of that power.

One night upon returning from the recital of a renowned pianist, she found a telegram in her box. Thinking it was from her brother who preferred sending telegrams to writing letters, she tore open eagerly the yellow envelope. But as she was withdrawing the folded message something alien caught her attention. There were two red stars on the envelope and they seemed to grow larger and larger until the yellow disappeared leaving only the red. She stared at it, fixed, frozen. Then blackness blotted out everything.

When she regained consciousness she was lying on the bed in her room, surrounded by somber, anxious faces.

"There was a telegram, where is it?" she asked tensely.

With obvious reluctance someone handed it to her. She read the message once, twice, three times. Then in a tight, flat voice she repeated the words aloud as if to compel her tongue and ears to corroborate or deny the testimony of her eyes: **YOUR FAMILY**

**KILLED AUTO ACCIDENT KING'S CROSSING STOP WIRE INSTRUCTIONS.** It was signed by an attorney of her home town.

A gasp of horror issued from the lips of those gathered about her. Lydia started at them with wild eyes; her slender sensitive fingers clutched the covers. She could hear the chaotic concussion—grinding brakes, shivering glass, buckling metal. And somewhere in that mangled wreckage all that belonged to her, snuffed out like candles by a gust of wind. A shuddering convulsion racked her body and tiny drops of perspiration beaded her white face. But no sound came from her compressed lips; no tears softened her glazed eyes.

Aghast and helpless, the girls who had been gathered about the bed filed silently out of the room. As the last was leaving, Lydia rose from the bed and said in a lifeless monotone, "You'll have to help me get ready."

The weeks that followed resolved themselves into a jumbled nightmare. Three new graves huddled together in the cemetery. People in black buzzing and crawling about her like flies. An empty echoing shell of a house heavily mortgaged. An income suddenly cut off.

Not knowing what else to do, Lydia gathered together a few keepsakes and left the house and the town and returned to the city.

But it was a different Lydia that confronted her music master. Where once there had been a vibrant, sensitive, responsive being, there was now only a cold hard dry shell. Shocked and distressed, the master asked her if she planned to continue her lessons.



Yes, she did. Of course, she would have to work now to get the money for them as well as for her living. However, she would find something. And when she did, she would continue her studies.

Ah, but she could have the lessons on credit until such a time . . .

No, she couldn't do that. But she'd be back soon.

Lydia found lodging where the rooms were cheap and clean, and the landlady brusque and business-like. Between Mrs. Cutting and herself satisfactory arrangements were made for the rental of a piano, which was to be moved into her room on the condition that it was not to be played after midnight.

Sure of a roof over her head and a bed to sleep on, Lydia began her search for work with an air of cool confidence. But within a fortnight confidence had changed to chagrin; and within another fortnight chagrin had changed to apprehension. She had no answer to the age-old query of practical business: "What experience have you had?"

Careful as she had been, her money was almost gone. So—knowing no one else to whom she could turn, she sought her landlady and told her without embellishment the facts of her position. To her surprise Mrs. Cutting was genuinely concerned.

"Have you tried . . . ?" began the curt queries. But to one and all Lydia could only reply that she had.

Finally Mrs. Cutting bethought herself of the artist in the third floor front. And that thought was responsible for Lydia's first employment.

"You'll do," the artist had said succinctly, eyeing her trim slender figure in cold appraisal. "If you can stand it

I think I can get you another job posing for a class in anatomy."

Lydia assured him that she could stand it and that she would be glad of the extra work. There was a time when posing in the nude would have appalled her. Now, however, it was a means to an end for which she was shamelessly grateful.

Not long afterward someone dropped a hint that a neighborhood restaurant was looking for a piano player. Finding that it was so, Lydia contracted to play every evening from six to eight-thirty for three meals a day.

Having made these arrangements she decided that with the closest economy she could afford two music lessons a month. So she called upon the master to reserve the time. He listened to the callous recital of her experiences with an inward shudder. Was the girl she had been really dead, he wondered. He must find out, he decided, nodding politely to Lydia.

As month followed month, the continuous and relentless demands of her daily schedule, the unwholesome food and late hours began to wear down her physical resistance. Her work with the master was not progressing as it had before. Secretly she blamed him for an indifference toward her because of her changed circumstances. But when she was bluntly dismissed from the anatomy class because she was "too bony," she was forced into a realization of her own inadequacy.

Panic seized her at the thought of what was almost certain to follow in the wake of this first dismissal. She could probably hold her position at the restaurant, but if there was no more money there could be no more lessons. And if there were no more lessons there

just wouldn't be any meaning to anything.

With a strange uneasiness she went to the master's studio for her next lesson. All that she had to give she put into her work that day. And the master, understanding and appreciating the sincerity of her effort was moved to sadness by the results. Technically her rendition was almost flawless, but it sounded like the music of a barrel-organ.

Incredible, the master reflected, that tragedy could thus affect one of Lydia's temperament. Usually it gave such people greater depth, greater feeling and discernment. Sometimes, to be sure, it made them bitter and savage. Even then, though, they remained alive, responsive. In Lydia, however, the springs of life were frozen. Tragedy had paralyzed her so that she was little more than an automaton. Human contacts and emotions had failed so far to reach those dim recesses where her soul lay like a winter cocoon. If only someone—if only *he* could pierce that hard fibrous shell and release the spirit! But how could he? His only tool was music and she—He shrugged. Still, there could be no harm in trying.

"Come, my dear," he said to her when she had finished. "You take my place in this chair and I will play for you."

Surprised by this unusual offer and confused by his silence about her own performance, Lydia obeyed.

Music such as she had not heard since that fateful night of the telegram eddied about her. It was a melancholy chant and the incessant throb of its rhythm had in it a kind of hopeless obstinacy. Then the mood seemed to change as from a contrapuntal theme

there followed a melody of joyous serenity. But fleeting as a bird on the wing it was lost in the recurring melancholy of the principal theme. The last note was a poignant interrogation.

After a moment's deep silence the master turned to her with anxious expectancy only to stare amazed at her taut face and dull eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "It was beautiful."

Slowly he shook his head. "No," he contradicted. Then, choosing his words carefully, he said, "Miss Lydia, it is no use for you to come here any more. I cannot help you."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked in dismay. "I need your help more than anything."

"No," he answered gravely, "your need is for something I cannot give you."

"What is it?"

"Ears to hear, my child," he replied, adding as she stood in silence staring at him, "You are a prisoner in a jail of your own building and the walls are so hard and so dense that you cannot hear any voice save your own. But the key to your freedom lies within your reach and when you find it—come back to me. Try to remember," he urged sadly as she turned away from him, "that you are only one of countless thousands who bear a cross."

Stifled by angry bewilderment, Lydia returned to her room determined to show the master what she could do. And every moment thereafter, not occupied at the restaurant or with the artist in the third floor front, she sat at her piano striving wilfully to create, to put into music what she felt. But the results were only discords of rancor, pallid notes of self-distrust, rumblings



of confusion in the lower register. Finally, in the helpless rage of defeat, she closed her piano with a bang and tore to shreds the smudgy scores.

Without surprise Lydia heard the artist in the third floor front inform her apologetically that the work for which he needed her was finished.

Did he know anyone else who could use her?

No, he was afraid not.

So once more Lydia appealed to Mrs. Cutting. Could she work for her room by dusting, sweeping, even scrubbing floors?

Yes, she could take the place of one of the hired girls.

The work was endless and futile and loathsome. Lydia's back ached constantly. Her knees were bruised and sore. Her slender sensitive hands were rough and red and ingrained with the grime of scrubbing water and duster. She was a drudge, apathetically resigned; and the manager of the restaurant where she played was quick to discover it. Curtly, with a withering look, he told her she was through.

Physically incapable of doing more work to earn her board at Mrs. Cutting's, Lydia decided to ask Mrs. Cutting for a small loan until such a time as she could find other employment.

Mrs. Cutting responded with buff good-nature to her apologetic plea and Lydia began another hunt for paying employment. She soon decided, however, that to the former disqualification of lack of experience was added a new and apparently insurmountable one of her appearance. She was neat and clean but her haggard face and shabby clothes were bound to evoke only a cool rebuff.

Yet it was neither her face nor her

clothes but her pronounced defeatism, of which she alone was unconscious, that was the real cause of her failure. That inner expectancy of rejection was implicit in every interview.

From a vague sense of duty, however, she continued the profitless, reasonless routine. Night after night she returned to her room and her meal of crackers and cheese and watery milk. Morning after morning she scanned the help-wanted columns of the paper. And often and often, turning the pages to the finely printed columns at the back, she would spy some musical announcement of concert or recital which she would never hear.

One morning Lydia awoke to the realization that all but seventy-five cents of the money she had borrowed from Mrs. Cutting was gone; that she was no nearer finding work than she had been the day the money was borrowed, and that when the seventy-five cents was gone there would be no more food because she wouldn't add to the debt she already owed Mrs. Cutting.

There was only one thing left to do, Lydia decided dully. And as she lay atop her bed she wondered why she had not done it before. Certainly no one had less reason for clinging to life than she. Yet sheer habit, she realized now, had kept her struggling to maintain a meaningless existence. Well, today should end it.

With the decision she experienced a strange empty feather-lightness of dissolution that follows a leap into space. Something warm and tremulous stirred feebly within her and was still.

In a state of animation new to her, she set to work to put her room in order. As she was about to toss the morning paper into the wastebasket

something caught her eye. It was the announcement of the evening's symphony concert heralding the appearance of a celebrated guest conductor and a brilliant young pianist as soloist. Lydia caught her breath. Two such musicians at one concert was a rare occurrence.

"Gallery seats seventy-five cents," she read aloud.

She had just that! It would be an ironically glorious finish to her thwarted life. Yes, she must go. And she must have a seat in the gallery's coveted first row!

By late afternoon everything was as she would have it, neat and orderly, with her few keepsakes gathered on the table beside a brief note of gratitude for Mrs. Cutting, the key for the room carefully inserted in the outside of the doorlatch.

Then, like a shadow, she slipped swiftly down the stairs, out of the house, into the dusk.

Lydia was roused from the torpor into which she had sunk by the tuning up of the orchestra, that strange symphony of raucous dissonances in which the strings bray at the skirling wood winds and the brasses snort loudly at the zooming double-basses.

"Discordant—jumbled—nightmarish . . . like life—*my* life, anyway" she thought. And as she watched the musicians they became a black blur through which she saw other people in black buzzing and srawling about her like flies . . . the graves huddled together in a cemetery . . . Would death, she wondered, be as beautiful as the music that would follow this rude prelude?

A definite and familiar pattern of black and white resolved itself on the

stage. There was a crescendo of applause as the first 'cellist, the concert master, and the guest conductor took their places. The conductor tapped his baton, the prattle and stir ceased, the concert began.

The overture, an old favorite of Lydia's, had once filled her with quiet rapture. It had given song to the sound and foam of the sea; tonal complement to the pictures of her favorite sea painter; inspiration to someone with the gift of words whose poem she had once discovered in the morning paper.

Now the music was only a sighing wind across the roof tops. But the words of the once cherished poem tapped at the shutters of memory:

*There is a singing cave, the sailors say,*

*Girt by the sea, where pillared caverns keep*

*The sunset light, their floor the moving deep*

*Blue of the ocean—murmuring eddies play,*

*Sea lions plunge and wild birds skim the spray;*

*While with the winds the mighty waters sweep*

*To thundering music, or the breathing sleep*

*Of waves that sigh and softly slip away.*

*Music and sea . . . Their shining rhythms pour*

*On our gray silence, and each listening ear*

*Interprets the vast universal lore,  
Yet never tongue can tell the meaning clear;*

*Nightlong, a cave upon a rocky shore*



*Echoes with songs that we may  
never hear.*

"Songs that we may never hear." Lydia mumbled the final phrase again, reading into it a new and bitter connotation. The songs within *her* that had been ready to burst into the fullness of sound had been still-born!

The thunderous applause at the end of the overture startled Lydia, and a sickly flush overspread the pallor of her face. The conductor was bowing to the audience, extending his arms in a gracious gesture to include the members of the orchestra. But if he had singled her out of that entire audience and fixed her with a reproachful look she could not have been more embarrassed.

Determined to let not another note of the evening's performance escape her, she watched with almost fanatical intentness the rearrangement that was taking place on the stage. The members of the orchestra had moved their chairs and stands farther back to make room for the grand piano, which was being raised to the central position.

Immediately Lydia felt at ease. She was in her own domain now where there were no secrets or subtleties that she could not understand. Even tonight's famed pianist could not delude her with efforts at grandeur if his performance fell short of perfection.

When everything was in readiness, a tall, spare, tightly strung man walked quickly across the stage, acknowledged the welcoming applause and seated himself at the piano. There was a moment of strained silence and then the soloist, accompanied by the orchestra, launched into musical pyrotechnics of such brilliance that a concerted gasp

from the audience rose like a giant sigh to the domed ceiling.

Sharply, critically alert, Lydia sat like a hawk ready to catch the first false note. But there was none. And she was obliged to admit, grudgingly, that the nuances of tone color this pianist achieved were due to something more than technical skill and strict adherence to the composer's symbols; something that she herself once had.

Like the infiltration of a slow poison, a stupid wanton hate against this man stirred within her. *She* might have played as he was playing if her music master had not sent her away because she had "no ears to hear." Faugh! There was nothing wrong with her hearing. But there had certainly been something wrong with his at her last lesson. She had put her whole self into her playing that afternoon, and when she had finished he had fixed her with a strange look, praised her technical rendition and muttered something about a barrel-organ. Then, to her astonishment, he had taken her place at the piano and played for her. It must have been an improvisation of his own, for the music, in a minor key—melancholy and urgent—had been unfamiliar to her.

But when she had thanked him and told him how beautiful it was he had contradicted her . . . Told her he couldn't help her—that she was a prisoner in a jail of her own building—that the key to freedom lay within her reach. What key? To what freedom? she wondered acidly. ". . . Only one of countless thousands who bear a cross," the memory persisted. "It doesn't make sense," muttered Lydia.

Those sitting near her eyed her curiously, thinking she was alluding to

the performance of the soloist. She, however, was only vaguely conscious of the music.

Can't hear any voice but my own. He didn't mean that literally. What, then, *did* he mean?

Inquisitively, with the interest of a pathologist, she sought to ferret out the answer. And so engrossed did she become in her riddle that the applause at the end of the concerto, the bustle and babble of the succeeding intermission and the profound lull before the final number of the program was unheeded.

Her subjective search, however, was interrupted by a deep, shuddering wail of abysmal melancholy issuing from the double-basses. So compelling were the plaintive cries of the bassoon, the weird dark urgency of the violas, the mournful sigh of the sighing violins that she sat with clenched hands and bated breath.

She knew this symphony well, yet it had never before sounded so tragic. Had her understanding been at fault? Or was it this inspired man with the baton who seemed, suddenly, to dwarf the dimensions of his world-wide reputation? He was conducting from memory with quiet but dynamic persuasion. Indeed, he seemed to imbue each member of the orchestra with his own genius and to have the power of divination in interpreting the composer. He had been doing this all evening, Lydia reminded herself remorsefully, while *she* had been wool-gathering!

The mood of depression seemed to pass under the bounding bows of the strings and the soft gliding lilt of the wood winds. But ever and anon the somber notes of the first phrase were iterated as if that great and devastating

sorrow could not be stilled by affected gayety.

Here, Lydia reflected, was sorrow as great as her own, which the composer had been able to translate into "music's golden tongue," inclusive and appealing. Yet when she had tried to do the same thing the result had been jangled dissonance which would have repelled all who heard it and from which she herself had recoiled in dismay.

A wistful melody rose and died away and there was a moment's pause of profound regret. Then slowly, tenderly, with an undertone of sadness the muted violins recalled the beauty of a happy memory—a memory of home, a united family, friends; of a carefree life, of harmony, of peace.

Something happened to Lydia. It was as if a piece of taut elastic snapped within her. She winced. Her eyes stung. A torturing inescapable agony clutched at her vitals, clamped steely fingers round her throat. A tremulous moan forced itself through her lips. And as the music burst forth with suddenly released vehemence, the floodgates opened, pouring forth upon her shriveled soul the renewing balm of tears.

This was what her music master had sought to evoke ever since the tragedy at King's Crossing had paralyzed her emotions. And so he had played for her, invoking every note, every chord to convey to her the burden of his joyless song. But she had missed the tender compulsion of its appeal.

Now, however, in one revealing flash she understood all that he had tried to tell her. With ears that heard, she listened to the impassioned utterances, the poignant confessions of the doomed composer. She felt like the universal



mother upon whose knee his great head rested or tossed as mood followed mood. He was vital, even gay at times, yet he always returned to the darkness of gloom and despair that dominated him.

He read her a lesson in the universality of sorrow and suffering. Yet with an abysmal, awful prescience he showed her, also, the richness and beauty of the things of this life.

Richness and beauty in her wretched life of poverty, hunger, drudgery? Yes. In the hours with her music master; in the hours at her piano which she had forfeited. She recalled ruefully the master's generous offer to continue the lessons without fee, knowing that in music lay her only salvation. But she had been deaf—and blind—to the very end.

"Death cannot spoil the spring," the composer was insisting through the morbid merriment of the music.

Death! Lydia shivered, remembering that just this morning she had chosen it so calmly; wondered dully why she had not thought of it before.

"Why seek it?" the composer cried. "The iniquity of oblivion is inevitable." And with a mounting terror he emptied all the dark troubles of his heart; all that he knew of tortured apprehension and foreboding, of grief that is unassuageable, of consternation and despair.

Lydia wanted as she had never wanted anything, to comfort, to reassure, to gather into the protecting haven of her arms this tormented soul. Didn't *she* know that the precious things of life are evanescent, that the golden moments vanish quickly into the shadow-haunted past? Of course. But what did such transience matter against the towering strength, the somber majesty of this enduring masterpiece?

The third movement soaring to the heights of orchestral massiveness ended with a sudden crash. Then the composer's final utterance began with the plaintive strains of utter futility. The bassoon descending in a series of sobs was checked by a melody of tender devotion which in turn was drowned out by a climactic recapitulation. In the short choral passage that followed Lydia could hear celestial voices singing exultantly of everlasting life. But the clayfooted, unable to raise their eyes from the earth, sobbed and sobbed as the great spirit passed like a breath of wind down a darkening street.

As softly as she had wanted to go, thought Lydia; seeing in her mind's eye the room she had left in the half-light of late afternoon—the closed piano like a sepulchre; her few keepsakes on the table; the key on the outside of the door-latch; herself, like a shadow, slipping swiftly, silently down the stairs, out of the house, into the dusk.

Sobbing, too, but for a different reason, Lydia stumbled down the stairs from the gallery ultimately reaching the fresh friendly darkness of the star-flecked night. Still filled with the presence of the composer, she hurried blindly along, talking to him in a tear-choked. Passersby, looking at her askance, in curiosity or with an insinuating smile, could not know the extremity which forced this torrent of words from her lips.

"The master was right. I have been a prisoner in a jail of my own building. In my cramped egotism I thought I was the only one who knew tragedy. It made me hard and bitter and I saw nothing, heard nothing except what might serve my own selfish interests.

No wonder my playing sounded like a barrel-organ. No wonder my creative powers deserted me.

"But *you* knew that you were 'only one of countless thousands who bear a cross' because you had 'ears to hear'. You knew, too, that when you unburdened your heart it would be the eloquent echo of the universe . . . Perhaps what you didn't know then was that by giving such music to the world you would justify the life you loved, thwart the death you dreaded and achieve immortality. Nor could you know, any more than I did this morning when I made up my mind to spend the last of borrowed money for one last treat, that it would be you who would set me free. Really free! Not the false freedom of an hour ago . . . Are you listening? Can you hear me? I wish I could be sure . . . Someday, perhaps, I shall be.

But first I have work to do . . . 'Ears to hear'—yes—I know now all—all that the master meant. I know—I know!"

Once more aglow with the fire of life, Lydia hurried home. Bounding up the stairs to her room, she pulled the key from the outside of the doorlatch and locked herself in. Then she tossed her hat and coat on the bed, opened her piano and ran her slender sensitive fingers over the dusty keys. Laughing and crying she began to improvise.

The hollow-chested clock on the landing coughed hoarsely twelve times. Lydia laughed softly. Midnight? What of it? She was going to play and play and play until she fell asleep over the keys. And if Mrs. Cutting complained? Why, she would silence her forever by dedicating to her this first votive offering to the god of music!

## LEAVES

OPAL SHANNON

Curled fragments of autumn color  
motifed on a rooftop:  
smokelike through skeleton trees.  
Stray elm leaves yet cling:  
yellow birds in the wind.

Chimneys thrust slenderly above  
slanted roofs, against carved color of autumn:  
spell the same queer static  
as pigeon yellow eyes. And Yesterday  
the light lay like green gossamer  
across a window, waiting the sun,  
waiting the motion of white hands  
tossing back blankets.  
Slow sleep to waking:  
autumn fragments of living.



## PLUNDER THE GRAVES

FRANCES SMITH JOHNSON

Plunder the graves of ancient kings  
And you will find untarnished things  
Of gold and glittering precious stones;  
Even the wizened flesh and bones  
Will linger there.

But never the slightest wandering tune  
Whose eery music oversoon  
Would lilt with slender phrases caught,  
Like haunting memories of thought  
In transient air.

Plunder the graves, but you will find  
No whisper of the human mind.

## THE WHITE MAN WALKS IN THE RAINY MORNING

CLOYD MANN CRISWELL

The killdeers call in the rainy morning,  
And the thrush still builds in the fence-corner grass;  
There is no wind, and the wild rose wavers,  
Curling outward when the lights through the long trunks pass.

The gray grapes dip in the rainy morning,  
And the oxheart spears on the fresh stubbled wheat;  
There is no wind, and the rain dove quavers,  
Sobbing softly when the lights on the wet moss meet.

The white man walks in the rainy morning,  
Through his field and wood when the sun ladders lean;  
There is no wind, and his spirit quickens,  
Grows gladder when the lights leave the dark fern clean.

The white man laughs in the rainy morning  
If the grass springs green and the light sparkles thorn;  
If there is no wind, and the rain-white chickens  
Run to peck the gold when the pools are turned to corn.

## DEAD FURROW IN THE FOREST

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

The field is gone.  
The farmer that strove  
With this soil is none  
We think long of.  
Plows that he guided—  
One was the last  
Confirmed, confided  
To earth and the past.  
For labors he suffered  
What harvests burned?  
What seed was scattered  
In furrows long turned  
That subtle and careless  
The root should begin,  
In summer heat, airless,  
The slow edging in  
Of cedar and hemlock?

An earlier season  
His axe came to mock  
The stalwart green treason  
Of forests, and cleared  
The acres he tended—  
Till trees reappeared  
And the long feud ended.  
The field, overgrown  
Without pain or applause,  
Became the wild's own,  
Obeyed the wild's laws.

The farmer no more  
Toils here. His field  
Is the forest's floor  
And the planet's yield.  
Remote in this shade  
The woodchuck burrows,  
The owl, undismayed,  
Hoots, and the arrows  
Of rain all are broken.  
The sly padded paw  
Prints deftly its token.  
The crow's purple caw



Assails the gold rumor  
Of harvests elsewhere  
Surrendered to summer.

A finger pressed bare  
To this furrow will tell  
How shudders the bone—  
But not what befell  
For the wild to atone.

## SUN

LYDIA LITTELL

In the primal blood of the sun  
All our rhythms are begun.

If the sunlight leave the eye,  
Dangers, sorrows multiply.

Draw the sun from out the veins,  
What of ecstasy remains?

Shut the sunlight from the spirit,  
Men intuitively fear it.

In the winter with the chill  
Light of snow on field and hill

Men are loth to walk apart,  
Feeling night around the heart.

When the sun renews in spring  
Color, passion, bourgeoning

Power and promise are astir—  
Music is their messenger.

Where the shadow looms immense,  
Men walk with a difference;

Should there be decay of sun  
In soul or body, life were done.

## BALLAD OF LONG GEORGE

(As sung by Calamity Jane of the good old days)

MARION LEMOYNE LEEPER

Long George was a cowboy bold  
*Rope 'em boys, and throw 'em down*  
The weather it was desperate cold  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

Long George cut into a herd  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Stole ten cows without a word  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

Jury said they'd hang him high  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Long George heaved a heavy sigh  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

Asked if he could see his girl  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Teachin' out to Sandy Pearl  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

Old judge said he'd let him go  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
If he'd turn up for the show  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

George he promised he'd be there  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Hangin' his heels down in the air  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

After seven days went past  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
All the boys was plain downcast  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

They knowed he wouldn't let 'em down  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Judge went cussin' round the town  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

The boys went searchin' for a week  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
They found Long George near Sandy  
Creek  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

He was frozen to the bone  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
But, by gosh, he was headin' home!  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

They knowed he'd been to see his girl  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
Because in his mitten was a soft brown  
curl  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*

The boys all drunk till they was tight  
*Rope 'em, boys, and throw 'em down*  
They packed him home and buried him  
right  
*Ice and snow on the lone prairiee*



## A DAY AT THE SEE

SYLVIA SWEETMAN

AS Karl raced down the pier and leaped into the water, she leaned forward in the canvas chair to watch him. How big he was growing! How sturdy his legs were and how wide his twelve-year-old shoulders! He came up from his plunge and struck out from the strand towards a sailboat that was slipping by, its sails pointing to heaven like great white feathers.

She was afraid when he ventured into deep water, but she restrained herself from calling him back, imagining the amusement of the German fathers and mothers who lolled comfortably in their chairs and paid no attention to the water-antics of their daring children.

She sat back when she saw him turn and streak shoreward. When he came up on the pier, dripping and shining, she waved her hand to him, but he did not see. He carelessly turned his back and began to talk to a Bavarian boy.

A little hurt, she watched a ferryboat, heavy with circus gilt, plying by. Its passengers waved to those on shore and the bathers and onlookers waved and shouted back. She could not help noticing that Karl was waving too, and shouting lustily. What was it they were calling? She did not understand, but Karl knew, for his voice was audible above all others. Another word that Karl knew.

It was hard to keep from watching him. Not because he was her son, the only human being she could talk to or claim or be friendly with in this strange country, but because he fascinated her. It was a growing fascination that she

had only begun to feel. He was a different boy.

And he was not different because in these two glorious summer months his thin body had grown healthy and brown and longer, but the boy—his personality—had changed. Had she dreamed that Karl had cried like a baby at the strangeness of the ocean voyage; that he had been seasick for six days; that he had clutched her hand in terror when they debarked at Hamburg? He was not the same boy.

At first she had been proud when he had struck up an acquaintanceship with a boy his own age at the *pension*, a German boy from Berlin who was too bashful to speak English. Karl had surprisingly forced the comradeship by learning a few words of German.

In the first two weeks in Munich Karl and Otto went everywhere together. She had been highly pleased, for Karl's father would have liked that, just as she was sure he would like everything they were doing this summer, visiting the village where he, Karl's father, had been born; seeing the operas and castles and museums he had idealized all his life. She took pride in knowing that she was doing for Karl something his father would have wanted, giving him a taste of this life his Father had known as a boy. Because she was, in a measure, compensating for the loss of Karl's father, she was satisfied.

There was a clamor on the pier. Several children in bathing-suits were screaming with the excitement of a game. Karl shot into the water, three

German boys after him. The little girls clapped their hands and yelled at him and one little girl threw him her handkerchief which he caught in his mouth and bore away through the water, the other boys following.

She smiled. He was a leader like his father. Now he was his father's son, with his staunch body, his stubborn jaw, his eyes as blue as the summer water of this *See*.

The race was over. Karl climbed up to the pier and returned the handkerchief to the little girl. The children crowded round him, laughing as he talked. He shook his head and laughed too. She knew that charming gesture. He was trying to think of a word. He thought of it! She almost heard him say it. The children jumped up and down, laughing. He plunged into the water again.

When he ran to his mother for lunch, calling "*Brot und Wurst, bitte!*" he brought with him the Bavarian boy with whom she had seen him talking.

"This is August," he said, tearing open the parcel of lunch which they had brought from the *pension*, "*Mein Mutter.*"

August bowed to Celia and said something in German. She was embarrassed because she could not talk to the boy. "Invite him to lunch," she said to Karl.

"I have."

They ate, Celia silent, the boys chattering in German. She had never felt so forlorn. At first, with her feeble German, she had been able to understand Karl's phrases, but in his wanderings with Otto in Munich he had learned such an amazing lot that she could no longer follow his speech.

He was impatient to go swimming

after lunch, but Celia warned him sharply that he must wait an hour. He explained to August. She was really glad when the hour was up and Karl and August had run back to the pier.

Someone was speaking to her, in English. She turned and saw in the next chair an attractive, rather young woman, "You're American, aren't you?"

"Yes," Celia said.

"It seems so good to hear someone talking English after all that German. I saw you in the American Express the other day."

"Oh, yes."

"I don't know a word of German except *bitte*." The woman seemed to enjoy the sound of her own American voice, "I'm from Chicago."

"I'm from New York."

"Was that your son that was just here?"

"Yes, the taller one."

"I thought he was German at first and I wondered why you were speaking English to him."

"His father was German."

Celia glanced out to the pier. She saw with alarm that Karl was not there. She sat up and presently saw him swimming towards the pier.

"Do you speak German?" the American woman asked.

Celia shook her head, "Very little. Karl is learning for both of us." She tried to smile.

The conversation died. She knew that she was neglecting an opportunity to cultivate what might be a welcome and satisfactory companionship, but her eyes kept straying to Karl. The American woman picked up a book and began to read. After a while Celia got a magazine out of her Bavarian-embroidered shopping-bag and tried to



read, but she could not fix her attention on the page.

Every day he was going farther away from her. He was restless when he was with her, wanting to be out of the *pension* with Otto. He had nothing to say to her about the things he did and what he saw. More and more German words slipped unconsciously into his brief replies to her questions. His body that had once been white and slim like hers was growing into a counterpart of his father. And his face. His face. His eyes laughed like his father's. His mouth was ferocious when he was angry, his jaw setting cruelly so that the square bone thrust out his cheeks. The lifting of his head, the line of his blonde hair, all were wonderfully like his father's.

She got up and ran down to the pier where he was lying on his back, his eyes closed to the sun. "Karl!" she cried, "we must go now."

"*Nein!*" He sat up. "*Nein! Jetzt nicht!*" His face was burning with too much sun.

"Yes." She reached for his hand. "Come now; dress. The next boat will be by in twenty minutes. Hurry."

"*Nein,*" he pleaded, "you said we would stay 'til seven."

She pulled his hand. "We must go now, or we'll miss supper at the *pension*."

He refused to get up. "*Nein,*" he replied flatly.

"Stop talking German!" she commanded. Then she was sorry.

His cheeks reddened and distended as he set his jaw. He scowled and looked away.

"Get up and dress," she said quietly.

He said good-bye to August and followed her to the strand. He plowed the

sand with his bare feet on the way to the dressing-house.

The declining sun was so lovely on the peaceful water as the boat steamed towards the end of the lake that Celia was sorry she would not see it set again on this *See*. She rested her arm on the railing and looked back to the hotel strand, now vanishing in the dusk, and beyond to the blue Alps showing faintly through haze. She would be sorry to miss Sunday at the *See*. Karl's father had loved this lake. Karl was loving it too much.

Once when they were sitting together she started to tell Karl what she had on her mind, but before she could speak he had spied one of his swimming-companions and had slipped away.

The American woman came and sat down beside her and they talked about the Germans in their Bavarian costumes—full-skirted, tight-waisted frocks; red bodices; plumed green hats; *lederhosen* and ankleless stockings.

"They're terribly picturesque, aren't they?" the woman asked, "you know, I just love these people."

Celia wanted to tell the American woman how these people were taking her son away, how her son who was American was becoming German like his father. "Karl just lives in his *lederhosen*," she said.

She looked for him and saw him with a friend, leaning over the boat-rail and crumbling *brötchen* into the water.

Karl and the Bavarian boy walked ahead of her from the boat to the train. When the train came in, Celia looked away from the American woman who was smiling an invitation to join her, and taking Karl's hand hurried him into an empty compartment.

He jerked his hand away and leaned

out the window, looking for the friend he had suddenly lost. Then he was sullen and sat back, away from the window, staring out.

The train began to move. No one else had come into the second-class compartment. She was alone with him. Forest and villages flashed by.

"Did you have a good time today?"

"Ja."

She bit her lip and looked away. Was he going to be exactly like his father? Ten years she had suffered his German stubbornness. Until a month ago she remembered only the good things about Karl's father. Now she was reminded of the unpleasant times of her marriage.

"Karl, you must say goodbye to Otto tomorrow."

He sat up and stared at her. "*Warum?*"

"Because we're leaving Munich in a few days."

"*Nein!*" he cried.

"Hush!" Her eyes were wide with anger. "Stop talking German and listen to me. We're leaving Munich, perhaps Tuesday. We're going to England. We've been in Germany long enough."

He sat back, his face alive with fury, his eyes fixed on her in steady rage.

She avoided his livid face by turning to the window. She tried to keep her hands clasped quietly in her lap, but her body was shaking. The next few days will be hard, she thought, and desperately clung to her purpose, but after I get him away, he'll be mine again. I can't lose him. I must keep him mine.

She felt something touch her hand. It was a strange warmth, but she did not flinch. Instead, she breathed quietly for a moment, then turned slowly to see Karl sitting at her side, looking up

at her serious face. His anger and stubbornness had vanished. For a moment they gazed at one another, Karl sweetly beseeching her, she growing more excited and happier. Then she put her arm around him and drew him close. "My boy," she whispered, "Karl, you haven't let me hug you for weeks. My boy again."

He grinned. She thought she saw herself in his gentleness and smiling mouth. "I had a swell time today." He bent over and stripped his wool stocking down to his bare ankle. "Look! I cut my leg swimming."

"Oh, Karl! Does it hurt?"

"No, not much. Guess you better put some stuff on it when we get home. Might get blood-poisoning."

She leaned her head on his blonde hair that smelled of sand and sun. She was very happy.

"Mother?"

"Yes?"

"I told August about Otto. He wants me to bring Otto along next Sunday. We're going to have a race. Bet I can beat both of them, too."

Her smile was tender as she stroked his hair, conscious of the patience in her well-bred fingers.

"But, Karl, if we go away, you can't."

He pulled back his head and looked at her. "You didn't mean that about leaving, did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"Why?"

"Because—because I think we should go to England before we go home. I want you to see the village where my grandfather lived."

"Can't we go some other time?"

"We'd better go now."

Beside her she felt his body stiffen



and she saw his jaw widen as he set his teeth. A white streak flashed, a warning signal, across his temple. She steadied herself, fighting terror. There must be no scene, no anger, and yet no relenting. It was a moment of terrible silent fury and tragic, soft-creeping change. Oh, Karl! she wailed at the walls of her breast.

For a long instant the silence lasted. Presently Karl let out his stifled breath and sank back against her, pushing his face against her shoulder. His voice was muffled, "Please, let's not go just yet. Let's stay a little while longer. I've been so happy here."

She held him tightly. She wanted him so desperately to stay this way, her baby, the only person in the world she loved. She must not lose him to his father's land. There would be nothing left on earth.

"Mo—ther? Please. . . I'm so happy. I've never had so much fun."

"We ought to go somewhere else while we're in Europe," she reasoned.

"But it's so nice here."

"It's lovely in England, too."

It occurred to Karl to scoff at going to England. For an instance such a thought glimmered in his blue eyes and quickly vanished. She was almost stung by his next appeal.

"But, Mother, you like it too, and it was Father's home."

"I know," she countered.

"Just two more weeks, Mother. Then we'll go if you say so; just two more weeks. Please!" He was nervously twisting the strap of her purse.

"Karl, you'll twist it off. Be careful."

He jerked his hands away. His eyes sought to hold hers; he bobbed his head up and down as if to cajole in this way her smiling assent. "Mother, just two, only two little weentsy weeks."

"Just one, Karl."

She marveled at the hardness of his brown body as he hurled himself against her and kissed her soundly. His blue eyes were big with delight and he opened his mouth to utter a joyous shout, but stopped at her warning frown. She would risk one week for his happiness. But only one. Yes, only one.

The train was pulling into the *Bahnhof*. Karl flung open the door of the compartment. He helped his mother out, taking the Bavarian shopping-bag from her hands.

Outside the *Bahnhof* he spied Otto. He thrust the bag into his mother's hands and smiled quickly up at her with such a look of triumph, half-amused, half-cunning, that she could not speak. With a lusty German shout he raced away to join Otto.

## MAD NOVEMBER

KENNETH SPAULDING

Lo the birches whitely flowing  
on a distant hill  
Moonlight, moon-white the  
revelry is shrill  
Wind-torn, leaf-shorn the  
Eerie dancers whirl  
Blown bare, black hair and  
bony fingers swirl  
Wind-song, night-long the  
dirgeful, keening whine  
White shrouds, black clouds the  
silvered birches shine

*Still the birches whitely flowing  
on a distant hill*

## REVELATION ON MOUNT CANNON

RALPH A. MICKEN

I saw a wind-torn pine  
Wrenched and whipped in a mountain storm  
Cling with root fingers to a rocky slope  
Where chance had dropped a seed.  
I noted the first gusts pass,  
Rip howling down the gap;  
Observed the main force of the storm,  
Imminent, whoop and flame  
Among the swaying peaks.  
I beheld the tree cease struggling as the wind  
Unwound rough fingers from its branches . . .  
If the roots held it stands there yet.



# CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SIGFRED A. ROE

FROM the way the snow squeaked under their boots they guessed it was twenty below. When they neared the house they walked warily, with the result that the only sounds were their breathing and the beating of their hearts.

The front door was locked. It was the first time in life they had found it so, yet they were not surprised. They took turns trying the knob. Undoubtedly it was locked. The kitchen door, too, was locked. They required less time to determine definitely that it was. They thought of the outside cellar door, and as they walked around the house they smiled in expectation of triumph over the law. But that door also was locked. They tried it several times.

They circled the house, eyeing the windows. All the storm windows were closed except one, through which it would be stupid to climb. While they stood looking from window to window and back again, the cold crept into their bones and shook their bodies.

It was late. It must be after ten.

They went to the barn. When they opened the door a wave of warmth swept over them. They sat in a corner and pulled straw over their legs, but the cold found them out. What had seemed warmth, they discovered, was merely the smell of manure.

"In the old days," one said, "the pioneers slept with the cattle to keep from freezing to death. Maybe we better get next to Bessie."

The other shook his head. He was the older. "We will knock," he said.

They chose the kitchen door. They rapped, knocked, then pounded.

The light flashed on and they saw a big broad man who seemed bigger and broader because of the nightgown he wore. There was something wild looking about him. His hair was tousled. He moved like a mountain to the window, lifted it, and raised the slot in the storm window.

"Who is there?" he challenged.

"It's us."

"Who in the devil is us?"

"It's me, Erik, and this is Rolf."

"Who are they?"

"We live here."

"There used to be an Erik and a Rolf living here, but they went away. A magician came to the Opera House and they went down to see him. Their mother said they couldn't, but they did anyway. I guess they are staying with the magician in the Hotel Royal to-night."

"Please let us in."

The big man's laugh boomed with scorn. "Oh no! You look like a couple of tramps to me. You look like bad eggs."

He closed the window and switched off the light.

While they stood disconsolately on the porch the light flashed on again and a small woman advanced toward the window. Their spirits rose. She lifted the window and opened the slot in the storm window.

"Your father is very angry," she said gently. "But he says it will be all right if you sleep in the barn. He says you know where the horse blankets are."

Smiling reassuringly, she slowly closed the window.

As she walked away her long braid swung from side to side. Then she turned and they saw her lips form the words "Good night" before she switched off the light.

They went to the barn, pulled down some hay, spread the blankets, and stretched out. They clung to each other and rubbed their bodies together and slapped each other on the back, but it seemed impossible to get warm.

When they were dozing off they heard the door open, and a figure blacker than the darkness moved toward them on slippers pattering on the cement floor. It was their mother. Over her nightgown she wore their father's black overcoat.

"Your father says it will be all right if you sleep by the furnace," she whispered. "I have taken your bedclothes down there. You can get in the cellar door."

The good smell of cordwood met them when they entered the cellar. They opened the furnace door, looked in at the blazing four-foot lengths of maple, then held out their hands to the heat. But they found that while the front part of the body soaked in the heat the back part suffered. They took off their boots, turned off the light, and jumped between their blankets spread along the furnace.

They were warmer than in the barn, but the floor was equally hard. They discovered that lying on their backs was the most satisfactory.

Sleep was near when they heard footsteps in the kitchen above. The steps moved to the cellar door, then down the creaking stairs. With a match cupped in her hand, their moth-

er advanced to the furnace and snapped on the light.

"Your father and I decided you might get rheumatism sleeping down here," she whispered. "It's so damp. Here, get up. I will carry up your bedclothes and you can sleep by the range."

The kitchen was warm.

The boys sniffed the residue of smell from the afternoon baking and yawned deeply. It was late. It must be the middle of the night. They saw by the kitchen clock that it was nearly twelve. They undressed, and put on their pajamas.

But they could not sleep. The alarm clock ticked loudly. The air was warm and not fresh, and the stove groaned fitfully as it cooled.

Yet they were dozing when their mother came again. She shook them fully awake.

"Your father is asleep," she whispered. "I can't put your bedclothes back on your bed because they have been on the cellar floor. So you go in with him. You will need rest to go to school tomorrow. Shh," she warned them as she steered them toward the bed. "I will sleep on the sofa."

Their father was breathing deeply. They climbed in gingerly and sank down. Lord, it was warm and soft!

When their mother had gone, their father stirred. They held their breath so that he would not waken. He turned from his left to his right side, and as he turned his left arm fell across one boy and his hand touched the other's face. The man's fingers stroked the boy's cheek, moved to an ear, then to the small close-cropped head. The man opened his eyes, raised himself on an elbow, and looked down with surprise



at the boys. Then he sat up, seized each by the hair, and knocked the heads together so that they clicked.

The boys did not make a sound, except that each took a deep breath and sighed. Their father turned back on his left side, hunched up his shoulders, and breathed slowly and deeply, seeking the rhythm of sleep.

The boy in between drew up a leg so that the heel rested in the small of his father's back. Then he began sinking into a black pit, and to save himself he straightened the leg and drove the heel into his father's back. The boy did not hear his father's cry of pain, for he was in the bottom of the pit. The boy moaned softly, and after

the moan had expired he ground his teeth and smacked his lips in satisfaction.

The man got up, put his pillow under an arm, swept a blanket from the bed and stood puffing with anger while he looked down at his sons.

"Dammit!" he said.

He would have to go to their room. He doubted if he would get any sleep at all. Then the hard lines in his face softened. The boys had come up in the world. They owed all their success to their mother. They were sleeping hard. For a pair with a crime on their conscience, they were really sawing wood.

### III. RILEY GOES OVER THE ROCKIES

PAT V. MORRISSETTE

#### 1

Riley had a hunger to climb,  
To place his hands on the ice-covered stones  
And to walk with his feet on the glories  
Of the cloud-covered top of the earth.

I've got a hunger to see from the heights.  
I've got a hunger to know more clearly  
The far distant song of the earth  
As it tumbles from mountain to prairie,  
To breathe more rarely, to feel more rarely  
The loftiness of this earthly home.

I'd like to go over the Rockies,  
I'd like to climb over the Rockies  
In the Sangre de Cristo range.

I want to leave behind all my earth thoughts.  
I want to be nearer the sky  
Than these woods and these hills will permit me.

I want to leave the thick madness of crowds,  
The touch and the tarnish of foolish living,  
The pain and the hurt of unclarified sight  
And rise on the Sangre de Cristo range.

I want to see from the Rockies  
The land sun-lighted with glory.

2

Riley climbed the tallest peaks  
Of the Sangre de Cristo range.  
He knew the lean searching for heights  
And the climb of the loftiest places.

But when the crowd fades away  
And the din of its mirth  
Is lost in the grandeur of glory,  
The gates of the heart are opened to calm  
And see with pure thought  
The confusion of men.

The peace of the height  
Is the repose of the depth,  
And the soul is its own territory  
On the Sangre de Cristo range.

3

Here on the mountain top, quiet and still,  
Rest and be silent, rest and be sure.  
The good that enshrines the Sangre de Cristo  
Descends not in restless inspiration  
But is sweet as this night lowers down.

Here wisdom unfolds its quietness  
Over the Sangre de Cristo range.  
Here what laves the mind and its wordly wounds  
Shelters the heart with its holy quietness.  
It was not in the storm and the strife,  
The dark agony and woe,  
That Riley arose to the clean desires of heights  
On the Sangre de Cristo range.

It was not in ferocious climbing  
That he reached the summits  
And the sky vaults of the mountain,  
But in the sober resolution of the climb  
And the patience of the heart  
With mountain dusk surrounded.

4

I'll fight no more these mountain rocks.  
I'll wring no more my weary body;  
But I'll wrap the peace of happiness  
To keep the dusk from out my heart  
On the Sangre de Cristo range.  
More blessed is the quiet waiting



Clothed in mountain glory  
On the tall peaks of the Rockies,  
Than is the stern demand of the oppressed spirit  
Laboring in the march and the climb.

I'll sit me awhile on the mountain top  
And rest on this solid sea of stone  
Afloat in the passage of eternity.

I'll fret no more with the eagerness of dreams.  
I'll climb no more with breathless haste,  
Nor break my bones upon the steep,  
But match the solid grandeur of the stormless scene  
With the patience that has within me claimed  
Its mirrored majesty.

5

*O the Rockies are high,  
Mighty bold and steep,  
On the Sangre de Cristo range.*

*And the Rockies enfold  
The song of the earth  
In the passage of  
The Sangre de Cristo range.*

## ELECTION DAY

MARY RICHARDS

SUSAN folded her vote and dropped it in Johnny's dirty palm as he went by her desk. She smiled at Miss Mitchell over the top of her third grade reader. Elections were fun. Susan's pa had had to go to town to vote this morning, but Susan had voted right here in school. She would tell her pa about it as soon as she got home—but out in the barn while he was milking, so that her ma wouldn't know. He would be glad she voted for the Soshalists, but Ma wouldn't like it. Ma thought people ought to stay at home and tend to their farms instead of running out to Soshalist meetings like Susan's pa did sometimes. Susan wished she had known how to spell "Soshalists," but Miss Mitchell had forgotten

to put it on the blackboard with "Democrats" and "Republicans" before they voted, and Susan had not wanted to ask her. Everybody said she was Miss Mitchell's pet because she got higher marks than anybody else, and if she had to ask Miss Mitchell how to spell "Soshalists," they'd be glad, so they could make fun of her. Anyway, Miss Mitchell was cross, and Susan didn't like to bother her.

She smiled at the back of Libby Carlson's head. Her pa said that the Soshalists were going to fix it so that nobody was poor, not even the Carlsons. Libby put pieces of cardboard in the bottoms of her shoes where the holes were, and she only had lard on her bread instead of butter when she

brought her lunch. Susan's ma said that the Carlsons were shiftless, but her pa said they never had a chance on that old sandpile of a farm. Susan couldn't help wondering if Libby had voted for the Soshalists, too. She started to lean across the aisle to ask Libby how she voted, but then Miss Mitchell stood up in front of her desk. She had the votes in her hand.

"Children," she said, "somebody has made a mistake. Somebody didn't pay attention when I put the names of the parties on the board, and that person voted wrongly." She paused a moment and looked around the room. "But everybody makes mistakes, you know, so I am going to tell that person that he or she can vote over again, and we won't count this." She held up a square of white paper. "Who wrote 's-o-s-h-a-l-i-s-t' on their vote?"

Susan stared at the piece of paper in Miss Mitchell's hand. It was hers! She knew because the S didn't look right; she could never remember which way an S went. Nobody else had voted for the Soshalists! Miss Mitchell was smiling, but it wasn't a very nice smile. Her face was getting red the way it did when she was mad, and her mouth was tight together. Suddenly there was an empty, sick spot in Susan's stomach. Miss Mitchell was mad because she had voted for the Soshalists! But they were going to make all the poor people rich—Susan's pa said so. She looked up at Miss Mitchell again. It was so quiet that she could hear the clock tick. She swallowed hard, and put up her hand. "I did," she said.

She wasn't afraid, but she squirmed under Miss Mitchell's stare. "Why Susan! What on earth possessed you?

Take this piece of paper and vote over again right away!" Miss Mitchell clumped down the aisle toward her, a fresh piece of paper in her hand. Susan stood up, banging the seat as she rose.

"But Miss Mitchell," she stammered, "I don't want to!"

Now it was so still in the room that Susan could hear a wagon creaking by on the road outside, and the clock made loud, hollow ticks. Miss Mitchell had never been mad at her before; Susan had always studied hard and tried not to act up so Miss Mitchell would like her. But still she was not afraid. She would explain to Miss Mitchell about the poor people and how her pa said . . . But Miss Mitchell was already standing over her.

"Susan, you sit down and write 'Republicans' or 'Democrats' on that paper and stop this nonsense!"

Susan stared up at her. Miss Mitchell had never seemed so tall. Her eyes were red around the rims. Her face was red, too, and shiny. Somebody giggled. Susan's hands were trembling, but she clenched them inside her dress pockets. Her knees were pressed tightly together, and her toes were doubled under inside her shoes. She didn't mean to speak loudly, but her throat was so tight she was not sure she could speak at all. "No!" she shouted, and looked straight into Miss Mitchell's gray green eyes. For a moment she thought Miss Mitchell was going to slap her, and she braced herself against the desk for the blow. But nothing happened. When Miss Mitchell spoke after a while her voice was cold, and the words felt like hail, but slower.

"You are a bad, stubborn girl, a disgrace to the school. You are going to



stay after school until you are willing to change your vote!"

Susan looked hard at the bare branches of the silver maple, over the heads of the red and brown turkeys that she had helped Miss Mitchell paste on the window yesterday. The other children gathered up their homework and got their coats and lunchpails. They snickered when they went past her seat, and whispered, "Teacher's pet's gonna get it now!" But Susan only went on staring at the maple tree and never turned her head. After they slammed the door behind them she could still hear them shouting in the school-yard, then their voices got fainter and fainter until there wasn't any noise at all, except the coal shifting in the stove and Miss Mitchell's pen scratching.

She worked all her problems for homework and read the stories in the back of her reader. Miss Mitchell sat at her desk and corrected papers, and didn't say a word. Sometimes Susan glanced up at her, but most of the time she worked or read. If she stopped, she remembered that this was the first time she had ever been kept after school in her whole life, that Miss Mitchell had called her a bad, stubborn girl, and said she was a disgrace to the school. There wasn't any use now working on the red pin-cushion she had been making for Miss Mitchell's Christmas present. Miss Mitchell wouldn't want it, any more. She would never like Susan again. Nobody would. Everybody was glad she had to stay after school because she was teacher's pet. They'd never let her forget that she had been kept in, the same as they had. They'd always shout at her and make fun of her. Even Libby Carlson

had giggled when Miss Mitchell had told Susan to stay after school, but if it hadn't been for Libby and the rest of the poor people Susan wouldn't be here now, and Miss Mitchell wouldn't be mad at her, and she wouldn't be a disgrace to the school. Tears came into Susan's eyes, but she stared so hard at the red and brown turkeys that there wasn't any room for them to fall. If Miss Mitchell would only let her explain about the Soshalists . . .

"Susan!"

"Yes'm"

"Come up here."

Susan walked to the desk and stood beside the pencil sharpener. Somebody had sharpened a red crayon in it, and the little round knives were all smeared with red. There were red shavings in the sawdust in the celluloid box, too. They looked like freckles, only they were red.

"Are you ready to change your vote, now, Susan?"

Susan looked up from the pencil sharpener. Miss Mitchell was tired. There were wrinkles leading out from her nose and mouth that Susan had never noticed before, and brown strings of hair hung around her face. Now she would tell about her pa and the Soshalists. But Miss Mitcheel was already talking.

"Aren't you ashamed, Susan, a nice girl like you? Whatever possessed you to vote for the Socialists, anyway? Do you know what socialists are? They are bad, dishonest people who want to take everybody's money and nice houses and things and give them away to tramps. They want to make war and destroy the government and kill people—"

"But Miss Mitchell, my pa says—"

"Susan, I'm talking! And I want you to listen! The socialists are dangerous, wicked—"

But Susan was not listening. She clenched her hands in her pockets again, and her finger-nails dug into her palms. She was surprised how much it hurt. She pressed harder: she wanted it to hurt so much that she would think about the hurt instead of what Miss Mitchell was saying—because she was not going to cry; she wouldn't let Miss Mitchell see her crying.

It wasn't any use trying to explain about pa and the Soshalists now. Miss Mitchell said they were wicked and dishonest, and if Susan told her that her pa voted for them she would say he was wicked and dishonest, too. Anyway, Susan didn't dare speak. Her voice would sound funny, and she might start to cry. Miss Mitchell went on talking and talking. Her voice went up and down like do-re-mi-fa that she taught them on Friday mornings. Sometimes she was almost shouting. But Susan only stared at the red shavings in the pencil sharpener and pressed her finger-nails into her palms.

"Susan, are you going to vote over again?"

The thick knob of hair at the back of Miss Mitchell's head had come undone, and long loose strands fell down about her ears. The inside of her collar was grimy and yellowish where it had lain against her neck. Her face wasn't red any more: it was white, like ma's after she got the washing done and was all tired out. Suddenly Susan wished that she could change her vote. Then Miss Mitchell wouldn't be mad at her any more, and she could go on making the red pin-cushion. She

opened her mouth, but she closed it again without speaking.

There was still Libby. Libby only had lard on her bread instead of butter, and she had to put cardboard in her shoes. If Susan didn't vote for the Soshalists they might not have enough votes, and then the Carlsons would always be poor. People gave them lots of things, but they stayed just as poor as ever. Susan's pa said there would have to be a lot of changes come about before the Carlsons would be any better off. And when Susan's pa talked like that he meant the Soshalists.

If only she could make Miss Mitchell understand about Libby! But once when Miss Mitchell had scolded Libby for being late every morning Susan had tried to tell her that it was because Libby had to put up all their lunches before she came to school, and wash the dishes so her ma could work in the beans, but Miss Mitchell hardly listened to her, and she said that if Libby had to do all that she had better get up an hour earlier so she wouldn't be late.

"Are you going to change your vote, Susan?"

"No," Susan's voice was thick and shaky. The red shavings blurred a little in the celluloid box.

She could feel Miss Mitchell's eyes on her, but she dared not look up. It was a long time before Miss Mitchell spoke, and then she didn't sound like herself at all. She didn't scold or shout. It was as if she didn't even care how Susan voted.

"You can go home, now."

The Clark boys were still playing on the swing when Susan came out. They shrieked when they saw her, "Susan is a Soshalist! Susan is a Soshalist!"



They even picked up pieces of hard dirt and started to throw them at her. This morning Susan would have cried and run away, but now she turned and faced them. She wasn't afraid of being hurt, any more; she had even hurt herself on purpose. The Clark boys dropped the pieces of dirt at their feet and looked the other way.

Susan walked down the road slowly. After she passed the railroad tracks she pulled off her mittens and looked at

her palms. They were covered with little red, curved marks, and her fingers ached. It hurt to carry her lunch pail. She put on her mittens again and walked along slowly, scuffing one foot after the other through the fine gravel by the ditch. She would hide the red pin-cushion up in the attic so nobody would know she wasn't working on it any more. Tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed on the front of her coat. It was two miles to home; there was plenty of time to cry.

## CRY AGAINST DEFEAT

ARMON GLENN

WE sat in the car out in front a few minutes. A cold fall wind ruffled the dead grass along the sides of the empty irrigation ditch by the fence and tossed the frost-dried dahlia blooms on their stalks. The charred ruins of the house showed black and ugly through the dwarf lilacs which had begun to grow slowly back toward the foundation.

"Thought Davis was going to build again," Joe said, lighting a cigarette and tossing the match into the weed-grown marigolds by the gate.

"Guess he lost heart after his wife died. They say he took it pretty hard."

"Oh, I don't think Davis could feel anything very deeply . . . Look how he was out irrigating the night of her funeral."

He snapped on the radio and the loud jazz broke the quiet of the ten-acre tract and its shabby outbuildings and rows of apple trees, old and gaunt in the dull autumn light with their

faded white-washed trunks and bare limbs.

One of the chickenhouse doors opened and a cascade of white wings and bodies beat out the doorway and over the short, dead grass of the yard. I thought of the first time I had seen Mrs. Davis. That had been another fall day seven or eight years before. She had come around the corner of the chickenhouse, apron flying in the wind, a basket of eggs in each hand, whistling loud and clear like a boy. She must have been nearly forty then, and except for her hair, which was thick and dark, there was nothing really beautiful about her. Her rather large, flat-breasted body was a little stooped from bending over long rows of gardenstuff, and her dark eyes were faded by the sun. Yet seeing her striding into the wind, one got a momentary illusion of youth—even of a certain beauty.

There was always that feeling of some hidden quality about her, some

force which set her apart from the other women of the neighborhood and their thin lives running uneventfully from one washday to the next. Part of it was her education, of course. She had graduated from the Normal College and had taught drawing and painting in the schools back East before her marriage. She still painted occasionally, they said, though I never saw any of her work. But even beyond that was something I couldn't explain. The neighbors felt it too. They thought that she held herself above them.

Davis had been her second husband; his younger brother had been the first. He had been killed in a timber accident, leaving two small children, a ramshackle old car, and his funeral expenses.

I often wondered why she'd married Davis. He seemed such a dull fellow with his ugly, big-nosed face and his slow, fumbling speech. Not even the months spent at Camp Lewis and later at the Front had ironed out the awkward slouch to his body, the heavy-footed ungainliness of his walk. One could imagine him plodding along in the rain through the shell-torn fields and ruined farmhouses, unconscious of everything but a slow anger at the sight of the outraged earth, a dull nostalgia for the clean smell of living fields again.

But perhaps she saw something in him that others missed. Or perhaps she merely grew tired of struggling along on the farm by herself, unable to give the children any of the things she had planned for them.

Davis was a born farmer. Watching him moving slowly along, waist-deep in the little patch of grain,

stopping to shell out a bursting head in his blunt, thick-nailed fingers, one forgot his clumsy body. He seemed as much a part of the landscape as the heavy-limbed horse in the pasture. Yet he couldn't make money farming. He never seemed to hit the right crop. If potatoes were so cheap that they didn't pay shipping charges, he was sure to have his root-cellar loaded. And when they were high he had barely enough for his own use.

Joe turned off the radio and we went to the house—a chicken-shed which Davis had fixed up after the fire. The straggling Virginia Creeper trained along the front failed to hide the cheap, shiplap walls, and where the open side of the chickenhouse had been boarded up was still plainly visible. The ragged green shades pulled low on the bare windows gave the appearance of desertion.

I knocked. A tall, dark, weedy girl of thirteen or fourteen came to the door. I explained that we had come to see about buying apples.

"Come in and sit down and I'll get Dad," she said, running the words all together in her embarrassment. She moved clothes out of chairs for us and slipped out the back way.

Joe took an apple from the plate on the table and began to eat it. I looked around the room. The walls had been calcimined a light tan, but on one side you could still see the marks where the roost poles had been fastened and the windows were small and high. It had been furnished with what had been saved from the fire.

A davenport with the imitation leather scorched and wrinkled from the heat occupied one corner. Across the room a high dresser with elaborate



scroll-work and large brass handles stood on three castors and a small block of wood. A purple-ribboned "kewpie doll" smiled coyly down from the top. Three or four assorted chairs and a large square table completed the furnishings.

Several pictures and calendars hung around the walls in almost a straight line. A photograph of Davis in uniform and steel helmet standing before a trench dugout and an enlarged photograph of his wife hung side by side. The enlargement had been made from a cheap photograph and emphasized the thinness of her face and the lines around her eyes and mouth. She looked as old and tired as the day I had visited her at the hospital after the fire.

She had seemed so pitifully worn and pale lying there against the stiff, white sheets. All the dark vitality of her face had drained away, leaving it sallow and lifeless. I think she knew then that there was no hope for her. Her heart had been bad for years and the shock of the fire had been too much for it. She kept looking out the window, seeing the trees budding out along the parking, the new grass showing pale green in patches through the dead growth.

"This time next month you'll be out in the garden again," I said in an empty attempt at cheerfulness.

She smiled slowly without answering. I realized then how much I had underestimated her.

A gust of wind set the curtains tugging at the rods. I got up to close the window.

"Don't," she protested, "I love it." She turned her head into its path and lay quiet for a long time. Finally she

began to sob under her breath. I hesitated for a moment and then tiptoed out.

That was the last time I saw her. She grew steadily worse. The day before she died they wheeled her out onto the little balcony overlooking the hospital yard. She must have made a strange picture there; thin hands grasping the chair-arms, her gaunt face strained forward as if she were trying to drink up all the bright loveliness of this world in one last hour.

The neighbors had been shocked at the sight of Davis out irrigating his strawberries the evening of the funeral. Long after dark they could see him tending the water with a lantern. They shook their heads and muttered about "shell-shock." Yet I doubt if the war had affected him that way. Nor had he meant any disrespect, of course. But perhaps his only coherent thought during all the unrealness of the funeral had been the memory of the new leaves curled and turning brown in the hot spring sun. And perhaps in some dim way the strong consciousness of life about him in the cool dusk, the water moving swiftly along in the narrow ditches, the leaves gleaming dully in the lantern light, helped to lessen for him the finality of her death.

Though he spent most of his time out in the fields, the place seemed to go to pieces almost overnight. The fences began to sag, and when the shingles blew off the barn he patched the roof with strips of tin. The orchard grew heavy and black with dead growth. He would lean on his shovel in one place for half-an-hour at a time, staring at the shadow of a cloud passing over the opposite hillside, or at the ruins of the house in the yard. The realization of

his loss seemed to grow greater instead of less as time went on. It was like a gap in the bank of a slow-moving river, wearing out deeper and deeper in the heavy waters.

We went outside. Davis was coming slowly across the pasture, leading a big gray horse. They stopped at the barnyard gate and he slipped off the halter. The horse nuzzled him affectionately, but he didn't seem to notice. He opened the gate and the horse walked heavily in and turned to watch him as he came over to where we stood by an old hand cider-press.

He hadn't changed much. His face was still raw-looking and red from the wind and he was wearing the same shabby leather jacket he'd worn every fall and winter since I'd known him. His neck was brick red and leathery and an uncomfortable stiff line of bristly hair marked the upper limit of where it had been shaved.

He led the way to the root-cellar, blocking with monosyllables all our attempts at conversation. We followed him in, stooping under the low doorway. Apples were everywhere. In bins, in boxes, and piled on the dirt floor. Big Wolf Rivers, dark red and specked with gold. Green and red streaked Alexanders. Hard, shiny McIntosh Reds.

Farther back in the dim light from the tiny rear window I could see piles of potatoes, carrots, and rutabagas. A pair of rusty upright scales and a broken wire-slotted potato grader were crowded together in one corner. Shelves filled with empty fruit jars and several wicker-covered jugs lined the walls. And rising above everything was the deep, satisfying smell of earth.

"You want cookin' or eatin' apples?" called Davis abruptly from the back of the cellar.

"Cooking apples."

"Wolf Rivers'll keep the best."

"O. K. A box of Wolf Rivers then."

He filled a box and started to bring it out. Going under the low doorway, his head brushed one of the cross-beams and sent a wide, flat object clattering down the steps. He set the box down and picked it up. I could see that it was a painting of some sort.

He took out a grimy handkerchief and brushed away the cobwebs and dust carefully. Then he studied it for some time.

"May I see it?" I asked finally.

He handed it to me without a word, I recognized it after a moment. It was the scene to the north. She must have caught it on just such a day as this—winter closing in and the seeming defeat of earth.

Despair hung heavy over everything. There were the mountains in the background, dark and threatening in the cold autumn light like huge, sullen forts; the sky, low-hung and grey; and in the foreground the shadowy bulk of the sugar beet factory with its giant smoke-stack pouring out columns of thick smoke.

I am no judge of art and perhaps any second-rate painter could have reproduced the scene more faithfully. Yet somehow in that chained-down mass with the smoke streaming back in the wind like a stranded ship trying desperately to free itself, one seemed to read the depth of her longing, the cry against her defeat. It was Shelley's West Wind driving the dead autumn leaves before it. It was the wind tossing the giant pines at the top of the world.



And it was the wind in some strange way feeding the courage of a woman dying defeated and alone on a little rundown farm in Montana.

I handed it back. There was nothing I could say. Joe had grown tired of waiting and taken the apples to the car. I paid Davis and followed him out. The radio was on and the jazz was breaking the almost temple-like stillness.

"Do you *have* to have that damn thing on?" I asked.

Joe looked at me, surprised and hurt.

He snapped it off and we drove swiftly down the lane, sending the dead leaves up in swirls around the wheels like sprays of water.

We slowed down for the turn. I looked back. At first I could see nothing but the bare lilac bushes swaying in the wind around the ruins in the yard. Then I made out Davis. He was standing near the upper end, studying the dark sky and darker mountains to the north.

He was standing there when we drove out of sight.



## HISTORICAL SECTION



*Old letters, diaries, journals, and other materials relating to the Old West will be welcomed. They will be carefully handled and, if desired, returned. Accepted material cannot be paid for.*

### AN ADVENTURE IN THE IDAHO MINES

JOHN J. HEALY

EDITED BY CLYDE McLEMORE

#### INTRODUCTION

Under the caption FRONTIER SKETCHES this narrative by John J. Healy, local editor and business manager, appeared serially in 1878 in the little and now long ago suspended Fort Benton, Montana, *Record*, of which a fairly complete file is to be found in the Historical Library of Montana at Helena. Except for the omission of certain redundant or digressive matter it is here presented as then published. "Mr. Healy does not need to varnish his sketches," said the *Helena Independent*, February 27, 1878, "for his adventures in these mountains are as full of romance as the most brilliant of imaginative writers could desire . . . and they are records of facts."

John J. Healy was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1840. Landing in America in his eighteenth year, he found that the army was accepting recruits for service in the so-called Utah or Mormon war. Here then was ready employment. When he enlisted (March 23, 1858) at Buffalo, New York, he was recorded as twenty-one years of age. Recorded also: blue eyes, dark hair, dark complexion and height five feet five inches. The newly enrolled private of Company B, 2nd U. S. Dragoons was at once off for far-away Fort Leavenworth and thence, with many other recruits, again off for the Far West.

Two years of service in the region of the Bear and Wasatch mountain ranges and upon the plains north, west and south of the great Salt Lake taught him how to ride and handle a horse, how to manipulate fire arms and a hunting knife, and something of the character and habits of Indians. When he was mustered out August 1, 1860, at "Camp on Porte Neuf River, Oregon Route," he was a seasoned veteran of the frontier.

Now free, he again turned westward. There perchance would be the end of the rainbow, and maybe gold—for those who could find it, and take it. He went to Florence in what later became Idaho and mined there without success. In 1862 he decided on another adventure. Just here his narrative begins.

Immediately after the events with which the narrative ends and in accordance with the plan there mentioned, to "endeavor to find our way to Deer Lodge," he came to what is now Montana, where for more than twenty-three years he was a respected citizen of prominence.

For a time mining engaged his attention, but in the spring of 1866 he established a ranch and a ferry across the Sun river on the Helena and Fort Benton road. With a partner, two years later, he constructed a toll bridge. A few years later a flour mill was added to his growing interests. After serving as superintendent of schools, he was elected sheriff of Chouteau county. Other activities at intervals were fur trading, journalism, and the hotel business at Fort Benton.

When in the fall of 1877 the Nez Perces on their attempted escape to Canada were taken captive by General Nelson A. Miles at the Bear Paw mountains, in which engagement Chief Looking Glass was among those killed, it was Healy who carried the news to Fort Benton. The eighty miles of intervening foothills, coulees and prairie were traversed as speedily as horse could travel. Soon thereafter he joined General Alfred Terry's treaty expedition to Sitting Bull's camp at Wood mountain, Saskatchewan. When the peace council failed, it was Healy who made the notable ride of 300 miles to the telegraph station at Helena.

His removal to Alaska in December, 1885, said the Chouteau, Montana, *Calumet* (December 18), was a "serious loss" to Fort Benton. He was commended as a "leading spirit" in political

contests, "the originator and promoter of many successful enterprises for advancing the welfare of communities in which he has resided . . . one of the most efficient, daring yet charitable officers of the law."

During twenty-two eventful years in Alaska and the Klondike region he made more than one modest fortune—and lost it. The days of the great gold rush on the upper Yukon, 1897-99, found him manager and one of the principal proprietors of the North American Transportation and Trading Company, with headquarters at Dawson. Under his supervision were the company's several stores and several steamboats on the river.

Leaving Alaska in 1907, he settled for a time at Seattle, but soon went to California, where at the time of his death he was interested in some mining properties. At San Francisco, September 15, 1908, the daring, restless, lovable Irish immigrant came to the end of his life.

Additional information may be found in an interview published in the *New York Herald*, February 24, 1895, at which time Healy was in that city on business of the North American Transportation and Trading Company; in an article by Forrest Crissey, "Bucking the Hudson Bay Company," *Saturday Evening Post*, June 20, 1903, dealing with Healy's fur trading activities; and in a sketch, with a photograph, in *Outing Magazine*, Vol. 51 (December, 1907), p. 347.

### WILL O' THE WISP

About the first of May a favored few received information that a party of miners consisting of Jeff Standiferd, Jim Glasscock, Tom Reilly, Pinkham, Keenan and others were fitting up a fleet of boats for the purpose of ascending the Salmon river to a quartz lead discovered by George Orr, Captain DeLacy, Beaver Dick and other men. . .

Bostwick was among the first to get wind of this and as he was always ready for a stampede he determined at once to start for the new mines. He insisted that I should accompany him, and after considering the matter well I concluded it would not take more than 20 days to make the trip and return, and as the snow around Florence had become so deep that work had to be suspended I thought that perhaps it would be as well to make the journey as to remain idling away the time in camp.

Bostwick knew of a skiff that could be bought on Salmon river, and having this in view there was nothing else required for the journey but provisions, ammunition and our guns. To pack our outfits did not require much time and, provided with snow shoes, we struck out for the Salmon river via Lardo, a distance of not more than 12 or 14 miles. . .

I little thought at the time that I was leaving Florence forever. My intention was to return within three weeks whether the trip proved successful or not, but I never saw the spot again and probably never will return to that part of the country. . .

The inducements to make this trip were certainly attractive enough. The vein which Beaver Dick and others claimed to have discovered was said to contain quartz assaying \$3,000 to the ton. . . I was not overconfident that anything richer than Florence would be found but thought there might be

some truth in the statements made by the professed discoverers and that it would be as well to locate a claim in the district . . . and if I did not conclude it would be advisable to work it myself I might sell at a good price, pocket the money and return to my old stamping grounds.

The skiff, for which we had already paid an exorbitant price, was found at the end of our journey over the snow. It was neither a substantial nor an elegant affair. We discovered it buried deep in the sand, and on hauling it out found that it consisted of two bottom boards, two side boards and two end boards, the whole caulked with flour sacks and pitched with pine gum. Oars there were none, and we were obliged to substitute poles. . .

Having made the boat as tight as we could without tools of any kind we camped to await the arrival of Standiferd and party. . .

On the fourth day of May, 1862, Standiferd and his party consisting of ten men came along in two batteaux. Pinkham, Keenan, Sanders, Dick Ralston and two other men followed in another boat and arrived about the same time. They were all Fraser river men and some of the old miners of the country . . . and being well provided with money and provisions they were likely to find the new gold fields if anything human could reach them. . .

The party was greatly surprised to meet us as they supposed they were the sole possessors of the secret of the newly discovered wealth. We informed them of the extent of our information and our determination to go with them. A meeting was held and after considerable argument on both sides Standiferd and his friends agreed to let us do what they could not prevent—to follow them.

The morning of the 5th of May found us



cordelling our boat up the stream, the current being too strong to pole against it.

For the first few days, in spite of our hard work, we enjoyed the change from the monotony of a mining camp to the more exhilarating life of river boating; but within a very short time our struggles with the wild river began to tell upon us, and we heartily wished ourselves back again to our mining claim in the mountains. It was nothing but cross and recross from one side of the river to the other in search of a foothold along the high and perpendicular banks. Portage after portage was made around the most dangerous rapids, many of which could be more properly termed falls, and even when the river was comparatively smooth and free from the whirlpools and rocks the bends were so short and sudden and the current so swift that we could make little or no headway against it by the use of our poles alone.

The other party, notwithstanding their greater experience and superior numbers, were the first to come to grief. While passing a most dangerous cataract, too dangerous for even one man to remain in the boat for the purpose of guiding it with a pole while the party on shore hauled it around the portage, the craft slewed around and in spite of every effort made to prevent it went over the fall with its load of provisions, bedding, tools, etc., and the whole outfit, worth \$1,500, was a total loss. This accident caused five of Standiferd's party to return, but the rest continued on their way as best they could.

As a natural result of our slow progress provisions began to grow scarce, and while it had the effect of lightening the boat somewhat and thereby diminishing our labors it was not pleasant to think of a scanty larder under such circumstances and in such a wilderness. There was without doubt plenty of game in the country, but during the day we had no time to hunt and at night we were too tired to think of anything but resting our weary limbs.

We finally came to the largest and most dangerous fall we had yet met with. The nature of the banks was such that we could not make a portage around this boiling torrent without crossing to the other side of the river, and to do this successfully seemed

equally impossible. There were really two falls but the distance between them was so short that they appeared like one. Payne, who was familiar with the most difficult points of navigation on the Fraser and other rivers, threw up the sponge when we struck the spot. . . . Standiferd led the fleet, and his progress was watched with interest by the other boats' crews. On account of the great swell caused by the plunge of the upper fall he started as low down as possible in order to avoid being swamped.

The crew of Standiferd's boat used such excellent judgment in attempting the crossing low down they would have got over the fall without difficulty had not one of the oars snapped just at the most critical moment when the entire strength of the party was required to keep the craft from turning broadside to the current. The boat, however, happened to be near the shore when the accident occurred and the presence of mind of one of the party saved the craft and its cargo. . . . One of the men jumped into the water and by good luck and quick movements reached the shore in time to secure the rope and prevent the boat from going over the fall. It was a narrow escape, however, as the stern part of the craft was extending over the fall when she was brought to.

Ralston and Pinkham started next, but from a point higher up, and finally succeeded in making a safe and expeditious crossing.

Our turn came now and the other parties held their breath as we prepared for the plunge, for no one expected our miserable tub would live to pass through the boiling torrent. To cross even as low down as the second boat had done was out of the question, as we had but two oars while the others had four. Our only chance was to cross through the rough water close to the falls. This we did at the risk of swamping, passing into the current, mounting the swell, and then going down, down, until it seemed we were plunging to the bottom of the river never to rise again. The swell rushed over us, filling our boat with water but at the same time tossing us out into comparatively smooth water beyond the fall.

The Canadian was out as soon as our boat righted and held the boat until Payne



plied the camp kettle, and in a few moments we were landed safe a hundred yards above the other boats—much to the relief and astonishment of all who witnessed our narrow escape. We were told afterwards that our boat had gone down entirely out of sight and no one expected to see us rise again.

Sometime later in the day we discovered just ahead of us a raft with two men upon it. They saw us about the same time and landed their raft at once to wait for us to come up. On reaching the spot we found the men in a starving condition. One of them was Bill Rollins, a blacksmith from Fort Owen (now Stevensville, Montana, C. M.). They had started from Fort Owen for the purpose of reaching Florence, which they supposed was on Salmon river. They entered the Salmon about 40 miles below Lemhi, and after hard work and much suffering they were obliged to abandon their horses, the trail becoming too rough for the animals to travel further.

The suffering of these men should have been a warning to us all as we were not unlikely to come to the same stage of extreme destitution. The poor fellows when we found them had nothing left but a dried bearskin which they were pounding with rocks and eating to keep themselves alive. Had we not met them as soon as we did they would certainly have gone over the falls, as they were drifting rapidly down with the current and were too weak and exhausted to save themselves if their craft had reached the stream below.

Rollins begged us to return, as it was not possible for men provided as we were to reach the point we were aiming for. But his advice was not heeded, and after sharing a portion of our provisions with them and directing them what course to take and how to avoid the falls we proceeded on our way.

As it was not more than 60 miles to the mouth of Meadow creek I have no doubt Rollins and his partner reached their destination in safety. . . .

Before parting, I learned from these men that gold had been discovered by the Stuart brothers on Gold creek and also that Fred Burr, John Powell, Tom Adams and others were living on the creek where the road to Hell Gate crossed. This was interesting

news to me as I had known some of these men years before and was not aware that they were in the country.

#### TRAIPSING UP THE SALMON

We continued our cordelling to the forks of the Salmon. The left fork being the longest we concluded that must be the proper course to take.

But the current proved so swift in passing round the bend we found it impossible to pull our boats against it. Nothing daunted we concluded that if we could not float the boats we could carry them across the point, the distance of about a mile, which we did, and accomplished the task in one day.

But imagine our surprise and disappointment when on examining the river after our day's work we found the stream impassable for boats, as it was simply impossible to proceed further with them in that direction. . . .

For my part I had determined some time previously to leave Standiferd and strike out ahead. This could not be very well done while we remained on the river, but now that it was evident we would have to take our packs on our backs and foot the rest of the journey I made up my mind to leave Standiferd and his crowd behind; and in order that the latter should not suspect my motive in going (to be the first to reach the coveted gold vein) I arranged with Bostwick that he should pretend to oppose my leaving. This was done and after much opposition from all sides I struck out with my pack and that night camped five miles ahead of all my companions.

While enjoying the genial glow of my lonesome campfire, a few hours after I had disposed of my frugal supper the surrounding solitude was broken by the melodious voice of Tim Driscoll, who had left his companions and was now trudging along the trail in the direction of the spot where I had made my camp for the night.

Tim said he had left his friends because he preferred traveling with me, but knowing as I did that he belonged to the Standiferd and Reilly party I suspected that they had persuaded him to follow me for the purpose of keeping me from getting the inside track when the treasure was discovered. I said nothing, however, but started out the



next morning with my self-appointed guardian and traveled with him until noon when we again camped. There we were joined by Bostwick, Perkins, Standiferd, Reilly, Pinkham, Keenan, Sanders and a few others. They stated that for a few hours after I had left they worked with the boats but concluded finally to abandon them.

Provisions being scarce in the Ralston and Standiferd party, some of them turned back that day and retraced their steps to Florence. The boats and tools were (had been) taken out of the river and covered with earth and brush to protect them from the action of the weather.

In the afternoon the party numbered 12 men, with Jeff (Standiferd) in the lead and Keenan bringing up the rear.

For a few days the trail was fair traveling but the route was through a long canyon and as the latter grew narrow the trail began to darken. Standiferd exerted all his powers of endurance to encourage the rest, and the party had hard work to keep up with him.

Beaver Dick, George Orr and Happy Jack (Jack Gun) outwalked all the others and got so far ahead on the trail that they thought it necessary to blaze trees and tie pieces of rags to the bushes to show the path they had taken. They left other signs which were not so encouraging to the weary and hungry travelers behind them. The appearance of the trees showed where they . . . had taken off the inner bark of pine trees for food. There is a thin skin next to the wood which when scraped off, tied into knots and eaten, contains considerable nutriment and will sustain life when all other articles of food are exhausted. It has even a pleasant taste, resembling the pineapple.

The distress which these men were now evidently in should perhaps have warned us to return but no one . . . thought of turning back while there was one companion ahead. . . .

After a week's travel, Standiferd with a few companions concluded to return. Before starting out on the expedition he had received the appointment of sheriff for the town of Florence and, as he stated, it was necessary for him to be there a certain day. The trip had already extended far beyond the length of time he calculated to be absent

and the prospects were now not as encouraging as they had been the first week out. He very reluctantly parted with us and our party was reduced to eight men by his departure.

We were now obliged to ration ourselves with such game as we were fortunate enough to find but animals of all kinds, even the smallest birds, were scarce and almost impossible to bring down.

The trail had become so rough by this time that it was almost impossible to pick out a path for our weary feet, and the river, which was rising rapidly, compelled us to keep high up on the steep sides of the canyon and to make such a circuitous course that after a long day of weary traveling, from daylight to dark, it would have been an easy matter to have fired a pistol ball into the camp we left in the morning.

On camping for the night, after Standiferd had left us, Tom Reilly pointed to the canyon ahead of us and reminded us of our hard day's experience. He called our attention to the fact that our small stock of provisions could not last us more than a few days at the farthest and that we should then have nothing to subsist upon, even if we desired to return.

Bostwick finally agreed to return but I would not listen to any proposition that included the abandonment of our enterprise. There were men ahead, also; and to abandon them was not agreeable to any of us. The matter was finally put to a vote, resulting in seven for return and one for continuing the trip.

In the morning Reilly was for returning but Bostwick would not go back so long as any one of the party was keeping on. Perkins insisted upon following Bostwick. Reilly had \$1,500 in coin upon his person, which had become a serious burden to him in his weak and exhausted condition. He took Driscoll aside and gave him \$200 on condition that he would remain with Bostwick. Driscoll agreed to the proposition and after bidding the party goodbye we now took up our march again, our party reduced to four men.

We made better progress after this, however, and Bostwick had the good luck to kill a deer. This gave us considerable encouragement and we proceeded to dry the

meat for future use. We built a fire beneath the branches of a pine tree so that the smoke would be partially concealed. . . . Bostwick was not even satisfied with this precaution but took his gun and started up the river a short distance to reconnoitre. He returned in a few moments with a troubled expression upon his countenance and sat down near the fire without speaking. After awhile he looked up and said:

"We are watched; there are Indians around us."

"How do you know?" said I. . . .

"I have seen their tracks on the trail and know that they have discovered us."

As if to confirm the opinion of Bostwick two dogs made their appearance, attracted no doubt by the odor of the drying meat, and a moment later the eagle feathers of an Indian's head dress appeared above a rock in close proximity to our camp.

This was enough to assure us of danger and we at once took shelter behind a tree and signalled the Indians to approach. This they did after much maneuvering and extreme caution.

There were but two of the redskins, apparently, and they gave us to understand that they were Bannacks on their way down the river. We could learn nothing further from them, but their actions were suspicious and the appearance of the dogs satisfied us that there was a camp not far off.

The Indians finally started down the trail and we proceeded with our work of curing the meat and by night had it packed for an early start in the morning. We then laid down our blankets as if we intended to keep together, put out the fire and turned in; but when the night became so dark that objects could not be distinguished a few feet distant each of us quietly took a gun and blanket and scattering out among the timber laid ourselves down behind rocks and trees.

We . . . had not traveled more than a mile up stream the following morning before we discovered fresh moccasin tracks on the trail and a few miles further on, while crossing a long bar, we discovered Indians ahead of us, and a moment later the hills were swarming with the fiends yelling and signalling to each other.

We ran for a pile of rocks and took up

a position behind them, seeing which the Indians circled to the right and left of us.

We now had the river on one side and the rocks formed a fair breastwork in the only direction from which our foes were likely to approach us; therefore, we felt comparatively safe, although our ammunition was nearly exhausted and we could not afford to waste a single shot.

A day or two previous to this event we felt like men condemned to die and some of us had even calculated how many days we were likely to survive, but the appearance of the redskins had seemed to put new life into us and we were now as eager to preserve our lives as if we were on a mere pleasure excursion and in the near vicinity of our homes.

The trail from the bar led over a steep and rocky point which was less than half a mile ahead. A number of the Indians took possession of this path while others showed themselves on the trail in our rear. After securing those avenues of escape they seemed disposed to wait quietly for some demonstration on our part. . . .

Wherever we had prospected for gold the soil proved rich enough to encourage us to search still further, but after Indians came upon us we had little time to think of anything but saving our lives and we soon parted with all our mining tools and had not the means if we had the time and inclination to continue prospecting. We had discarded everything except our arms and an axe.

Driscoll and Perkins now favored making a raft and trusting ourselves to the river but Bostwick and I preferred being killed by the Indians.

#### SHIRT SLEEVES FOR SHOES

We traveled unmolested for three days more after the Indians had disappeared. . . .

Our provisions were all consumed and we had not tasted food of any kind for two days when we reached the north fork of the Salmon and found a spot where Orr and party had evidently camped for a day or two.

Here Bostwick killed one grouse which we carefully divided, giving each man an equal share.

Our friends ahead were evidently faring no better than ourselves. The point where



they had rested was marked by a tree which they had used to bridge the stream, and the camp was at the point of a fine appearing quartz ledge which resembled very much the spot we were in search of. It had no interest for us now, however, as we were thinking more of our stomachs than of gold.

Our condition was alarming. There was no sign of any kind of game and we were actually starving.

We tried to appease our hunger by eating lambs quarters, but they sickened us and added to our sufferings.

We left the river and took to the mountains in hope of finding game. Our route led through high, rolling hills with cement gravel pillars and banks, well watered by numerous streams and having the appearance of a gold bearing country. But as we were unable to find any game we soon left the high country and took to the river again, striking the latter near the mouth of the south fork.

While camped here drying our clothes, which had become saturated from heavy rainfalls, we were surprised by the sudden flashing up of a fire, three times in succession, on the opposite side of the river, followed by other flashes here and there along the stream. We knew the Indian signals but too well and our proposed rest for that night was ended. We moved on again until completely exhausted we lay down in a clump of willows and did not wake until the sun was high up in the heavens.

The country was now very open and there was little chance for escape in case of attack. Hunger began to tell seriously upon us and our progress was extremely slow.

We were all barefooted, except for a few rags which we had torn from our shirt sleeves and wrapped around our feet. We had thrown away everything except our arms, and Perkins had even parted with his gun.

By some landmarks known to one of the party we believed we were approaching Fort Lemhi, an old Mormon fort abandoned some . . . years previous. We knew the place had been deserted but we tried to persuade ourselves that it was again occupied or that at least we should find a volunteer crop of

vegetables growing upon the soil that had formerly been cultivated.

For three days more we struggled along, our hopes centered on reaching the fort. Our bill of fare consisted of wild garlic, varied with an occasional sun flower or a mouthful of grass, and although we exerted ourselves to travel rapidly our march could not have exceeded three to five miles per day.

At length, on the 12th day of June, we were surprised and overjoyed to discover Fort Lemhi in the distance, and so positive were we that our sufferings were now at an end we forgot our hunger and felt as happy and as hopeful as if toil and danger were unknown to us. We could imagine we saw smoke curling from the chimney of the house, people moving about the doors, and could even smell the savory odor of a dinner cooking.

But, alas! What a cruel disappointment was in store for us. On reaching the fort we found it completely deserted, and not an ounce of food of any kind within its walls.

Before reaching the building Driscoll and Perkins had given out and refused to move a step further. They had indeed become too weak and exhausted to travel on the day previous, but by urging and assisting them we had managed to get them along a few hundred yards at a time.

Bostwick . . . not only never complained of his own suffering but always had a word of encouragement for those who lacked his nerve and power of endurance. He sat down beside Driscoll and Perkins and begged them to keep up their courage and not to discourage the rest of us by giving up when a few miles further might bring us within reach of succor. . . .

Shortly after reaching the fort a solitary prairie chicken made its appearance in the grass about a hundred yards distant. Bostwick's unerring rifle was pointed at the bird in an instant . . . but exhausted and weak from hunger as he was it seemed hardly possible that he could shoot with any degree of accuracy. I therefore begged him to aim for the body of the bird instead of the neck or head as was customary. The report of his fifteen-pound rifle was the only reply, and the chicken fell over dead with its head neatly scalped. . . .

After reaching the fort and consulting to-

gether we concluded that the only chance was for Bostwick to start out alone and endeavor to reach Deer Lodge or Beaverhead while the rest remained at the fort. The chance for his return in time to save us, or indeed of his reaching the points named, was very small but it was our only hope. . . .

#### RESCUED AT LEMHI

Bostwick very reluctantly consented to make the trip and Driscoll, whose mind was now wandering and who already (had) attempted to take his own life, insisted that he was all right and that he would accompany Bostwick, whether the latter wanted him to or not.

There was a bare possibility that Bostwick should be succeed in finding the mountaineers' wagon road from Snake river, might fall in with some emigrant train and obtain provisions from them, even if he should not be able to reach the settlements. With this hope in view, but probably with a strong belief that he had seen us for the last time, the brave fellow started on his errand of mercy, followed by the now nearly insane Driscoll. . . .

The two men had hardly passed from our sight before they returned, closely followed by three mounted men . . . the advance of a train party from Salt Lake City on their way to the Florence mines. One of the three, who was called Mormon Joe, had lived at Lemhi before the abandonment. . . . Joe had told (the party) that gold had been discovered in the vicinity of Lemhi . . . and they were under the impression that Florence was located in the neighborhood and had started out with Joe acting as guide to the old fort.

We learned with regret that the train was some 30 miles behind and would not be up for a day or two at least and might be detained much longer by the rough nature of the roads. We told the men the condition we were in and begged them to save our lives by returning to the train and procuring us some provisions as soon as possible. They agreed to do so and rode away after promising to return by ten o'clock the next morning. . . .

But the night was one of long, weary suffering. . . .

I had with me 125 ounces of gold dust tied in a buckskin bag, but its weight had

become burdensome and it now lay in one corner of the hut where I had carelessly thrown it . . . and I would gladly have given it all for its weight in flour. . . .

Hour after hour dragged wearily along until at last we had nearly relapsed into hopeless despair. We blamed ourselves for trusting the promises of the three men and wished that one of us had gone with them or that Bostwick had not given up the journey he had started upon.

To our great joy, however, the strangers finally returned with provisions enough to last for weeks. The sight of the food made us ravenous and we would have filled ourselves at once without waiting to cook an ounce of it. . . .

On the 14th day of June our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of the train moving down the valley. . . .

After a few days of rest Bostwick and I procured horses from Mendenhall (Jack Mendenhall, owner of the freight train) and went down to the north fork of the Salmon and procured specimens of ore from the ledges that had attracted our attention on the way up. We here discovered traces of the rest of our party which had been ahead of us from the spot where we abandoned the boats. We saw where they had made a difficult crossing and, what was more satisfactory, we found the trail of another party of white men who had evidently overtaken them. We afterwards learned that Captain (W. W.) DeLacy and party, while in search of the same lead we were looking for, had found Orr, Beaver Dick and party in a famishing condition and in fact had saved their lives as the train party had saved ours. . . .

On our way back to Lemhi . . . (occurred) a slight adventure with a large grizzly bear of the feminine gender, the largest and fiercest animal of the kind I ever saw. She proved too much for our rifles and we were obliged to let her trot away followed by her two cubs.

On arriving at the fort we found Mendenhall and his companions entertaining a surprise party. They were accustomed to corral the stock within the fort at night and in the morning at daylight to let the animals out to graze on the hills, guarded only by a single herder. On the morning previous



to our return the stock was driven out as usual but the herder being detained at the fort for some purpose or other did not follow the herd for some moments after it had passed out of the corral. As the animals trotted along a war party of Indians concealed by the willows rushed out with their lariats and attempted to rope the horses.

Fortunately, the herder came out in time to see the thieves and give the alarm, and then ride after the herd, firing his revolver at the Indians as he went. Mendenhall and the rest of the men, who were in bed asleep, were aroused by the shots and herder's cries and without taking time to dress rushed to the assistance of the herder. . . .

The whites were the most numerous and were well armed while the Indians had nothing but bows and arrows. The reds therefore soon found themselves outmatched and took to the hills, while Mendenhall and party assisted the herder to drive the stock back to the corral.

The wily foe then commenced making overtures of peace and one ventured to come to the fort and state that they were sorry. . . . The whites . . . could not well afford to quarrel with the Indians and they felt that their best policy was to appear satisfied with the apology and to smoke with the reds.

We found them thus occupied on our return. The reds, thirteen in number, were all within the fort and I concluded they were a war party of Kootenais and Pend 'Oreilles, probably on their way to have a fight with the Snakes and Bannacks. They remained with us one day after the fight and then crossed the Salmon and we saw them no more.

We now held a council among ourselves and it was finally decided by the train party to abandon the wagons, cache the surplus stores, pack the remainder on the animals, and endeavor to find our way to Deer Lodge.

## ❧ A WESTERN BOOKSHELF ❧

Edited by V. L. O. CHITTICK, Reed College

**Joaquin Miller: Literary Frontiersman.** By Martin Severin Peterson. Stanford University Press. \$2.50.

The main reason that Joaquin Miller offers more difficulties to the research biographer than any other western writer is that he wrote too much about himself. Ambrose Bierce, who knew Miller well, once said of the Poet of the Sierras: "He may be described as the St. Simeon Stylites of literature, perched atop of his capital I, and occasionally removing his rapt attention from his own toes to burst into song of the outlying universe." Bierce maintained that autobiography in Miller's case was especially misleading, for "he cannot, or will not, tell the truth." The student who attempts to follow the thread of fact through Miller's voluminous autobiographies, confessions, footnotes, press statements, and letters is tempted to conclude that an accurate biography is in truth beyond his reach. For instance, Miller opens his memoirs by asserting that he was born in 1841 in a covered wagon moving west, when in reality he was born in 1873 in a farm-house that was stationary. Similar "poetic license" marks his contradictory accounts of a long life full of surprising adventure. To add to the difficulty, he occasionally tells the truth.

For these reasons, Mr. Peterson, in his fairly detailed biography, has followed a policy of checking Miller's statements against external evidence whenever he has been able to do so. Particularly, in his treatment of Miller's activities as an expressman in Idaho and as a judge in Oregon, and in his survey of Miller's brief hour of triumph in England, and his later life in Washington, D. C. and in California, he has found evidence which makes his account both accurate and reasonably exhaustive. But in dealing with Miller's early life, during which he left few impressions on the contemporary record, Mr. Peterson has relied perhaps too heavily upon his subject's words, sifting out the obvious misrepresentations and trusting him when he feels he can be trusted.

This method of choice on faith is perilous. Thus, Mr. Peterson denies that Miller went with filibuster Walker to Nicaragua, but he accepts the questionable story that the poet became the pet of the Emperor of Brazil in 1872. Again, he accepts *in toto* Miller's account, written late in life, of his journey west over the Oregon trail, including Indian fights, attempted abduction, and all, while he refuses to consider as evidence Miller's California diary (1855-1857), which was recently edited by John S. Richards and published by the Dogwood Press. The latter



document, unspectacular and apparently genuine, probably merits more consideration as evidence than any of Miller's later memoirs; it not only goes far to establish Miller's birthdate two years before that given by Mr. Peterson, but it contains a detailed account of the important years that Miller spent near Mt. Shasta, an account at variance in several important points with Mr. Peterson's treatment of this period. It is also to be regretted that the biographer did not run across Miller's early journalism in the San Francisco *Golden Era* of 1863. These omissions, however, merely illustrate the many difficulties of the task.

The critical approach to Miller offers almost as many problems as the biographical one. Here Mr. Peterson has satisfied in a way that none of his predecessors, with the exception of Stuart Sherman, has satisfied. He has refused to over-evaluate Miller's poetic achievement, and, at the same time, he has repelled the temptation to present him as a charlatan. His study is restrained, objective, scholarly. He does a particularly good job of examining the reviews bearing on Miller's success in England, his quick decline there, and his difficulties in gaining recognition in America. He has also made a careful, though somewhat pedestrian, analysis of Miller's versification and diction, his themes and imagery, and the influences which operated on his poetry. He concludes that Miller was a minor poet who occasionally achieved beauty.

After reading this biography, much the most adequate treatment of Miller to date, one is tempted to ask, "In what way was Miller a significant figure?" He was not much of a poet; few readers today go beyond *Columbus*, and most of those who do consider Miller a bore. Nor did he give a forceful picture of the frontier. Though Mr. Peterson, by piecing together fragments of description of scenery and customs, makes an effort to show that Miller did justice to his environment, we remain unconvinced. In the broad sense, Miller's picture of the West was distorted, melodramatic, Byronic, and misrepresentative, and his failure to tell the truth is particularly reprehensible in the light of his close contact with his milieu. Yet Mr. Peterson makes out a good case for Miller as a typical frontiersman, versatile, restless, and aggressive. He has done little, however, with what seems to me to be the richest approach to his subject, the portrayal of Miller as a showman, a literary *poseur* almost without equal. Only in such a light can one understand his being known today by thousands who have never read his poetry.

Franklin Walker

**The Life of Riley.** By Harvey Fergusson. Knopf. \$2.

Mr. Fergusson has been causing the reviewers—and I imagine his fans—some

trouble lately. On the basis of *Wolf Song* and *In Those Days* they had him located as one of our best masters of poetic prose and early western background. He shifted to excellent regional history with *Rio Grande*, and then on—or off—to cosmic interpretation in *Modern Man*. Now he turns up with *The Life of Riley* which seems to approach the picaresque-salacious via the barroom-bedroom backseat route. These energetic shifts show great vitality, but anyone may be pardoned finding it a bit disconcerting that, when the interpreter of modern man gives an example, the example is Riley.

The book is not, however, inexplicable. It is in one way a partial return to an earlier style as represented in *Capitol Hill* and *Women and Wives*. Moreover, in many respects it represents not a flip-flop from the position attained in *Modern Man*, but a definite development from that position. As a philosopher Mr. Fergusson is not alone in emphasizing the importance of sex in the life of man, even of modern man. As a novelist, he naturally emphasizes the same factor.

That he has done so, there can be no doubt. Many would be ready to say that it has been over-emphasis rather than emphasis and that the book's proper title is really *The Sex-Life of Riley*. Nevertheless the basic idea behind the story is, I feel sure, serious. I cannot agree with a reviewer who implies that the book was written by Mr. Fergusson in an attempt to enlarge his public, that is, with a conscious emphasis upon sex-affairs for extraneous reasons.

Still, there is no need to be solemn about this piece of work, or to judge it wholly as a philosophical document, whether correct or fallacious. Although the title in its echo of a popular phrase must be taken somewhat ironically, the book furnishes a rollicking good story, and much excellent western background. We begin with the elder Riley about 1880 in a town reminiscent of Mr. Fergusson's native Albuquerque. This elder Riley flourished as saloon-keeper and leading citizen in the dates when the two were not mutually exclusive in western towns. The younger Riley, whose life we follow from birth to middle-age, inherits his father's characteristics, and the old *Lucky Spot Saloon*. But times have changed. The *Lucky Spot* is merely a pool-hall rendezvous. The magnificent Riley energies, chiefly physical and wholly uninhibited, can be put to no better ends than duck-shooting and woman-chasing. Since duck-shooting offers few possibilities to the novelist's art, most of the book is devoted to the other phase of Riley's energy-escape.

For all its exuberance, the present book (like *Honey in the Horn*) makes one feel that the author has thought seriously, and that his conclusions are far from optimistic. One feels it rather a pity that Jed Smith and Kit Carson went so heroically through



the business of exploring the west and killing off the Indians just so that Riley might go galloping from bed to bed without having to worry about his scalp. Riley might have been much better off and would certainly have liked it much better, if they had left a few Indians for him to fight.

George R. Stewart

**Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris.** By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. Vanguard Press. \$3.

The spectacle of a United States Senator refusing to run for re-election because of the conviction that his efforts to secure legislation to improve the lot of the man in the street were futile is unique in twentieth century America. But that is only one of the unique traits of George W. Norris. Convinced that all political parties are so subject to abuse as to rob them of utility as instruments of democratic government, he has repeatedly campaigned against the leader of the party with which he was nominally identified, and has opposed third party movements even when they were led, as in 1924, by his close friend, the elder Robert LaFollette. Moreover he has preserved his right to criticize freely and caustically the acts and associates of the New Deal president with whom, during the campaigns of 1932 and 1936, he was politically allied.

These are only a few of the unusual acts of uncompromising intellectual integrity that stand out in the congressional career of Senator Norris, a career spanning the years since 1902. *Integrity* by Richard Neuberger (a young journalist of Portland, Oregon) and Stephen Kahn attempts to tell the story of that career, and to sketch the background of youth, and of early professional life as teacher, lawyer, and judge. It is extraordinarily interesting to learn that Norris's party independence was prefaced by a long period of Republican party orthodoxy; that until he was over forty he, like any "regular," took his party beliefs on faith from the leaders of his organization; that he insisted on "regularity" on the part of his friends and was quick to rebuke the "comeouter"; that the agrarian political movements of the eighties and nineties so strong in the prairie state of Nebraska in which he lived, possessed no alluring call for him. So regular a Republican was he that before those early years were over he had been an organization nominee, under the Convention system, and had been successfully elected first to the post of district attorney (which he held three successive terms), then to a Nebraska district judgeship, and finally to the lower house of Congress. Then it was, beginning in 1902, that gradually he lost his faith in the Republican party organization, a disillusionment which culminated in his leadership of the successful Progressive Republican revolt which stripped Speaker Joe Cannon of his

"czar-like" powers and contributed not a little to smashing the prestige of the Republican Old Guard and to preparing the way for the Democratic overturn of 1912.

This remarkable change of political and mental habits the authors of this book explain by the events of Norris's childhood, youth, and early manhood. Norris was born in Sandusky County, Ohio, the youngest of twelve children in a family trying to make a living on a farm which he helped carve from the forest. The hardships of his childhood and youth, the difficulties experienced in obtaining an education, and the distresses he experienced and observed in the early eighties in Washington Territory (whither he had gone to earn sufficient money to buy his law books and to prospect for a location to begin the practice of law) and the distresses which he observed among the farmers of Nebraska during the hard years of the eighties and nineties are said to have created a set of sympathies for the under-dog which at last burst the shackles of his partisan servitude. The narrative of Norris' early life is extremely sketchy and carries a flavor reminiscent of Horatio Alger's stories. Doubtless, however, to some such deeply felt early experiences is owing Norris's capacity to turn his back on his regular Republican associates and stand upon his own resources and convictions. His successful ascent to political independence as Congressman and Senator from Nebraska has been a heartening story for all democrats. It has been made against the persistent opposition of party and economic forces so powerful as to have stopped any but the most courageous. It has been replete with dramatic struggle.

In the book will be found a full account of the fight against American entry into the World War by the "handful of wilful men" in the American Senate. It is a moving story in which Norris, Harry Lane of Oregon, Gronna of North Dakota, and the elder LaFollette occupy the center of the stage serving as the targets for a concentration of national scorn and hate scarcely equalled in any other crisis in our history. The story tells of the stubborn and almost single handed resistance made by Norris to corporate efforts to alienate Muscle Shoals from national ownership and of the final triumph signalized by the creation of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

The book is eminently worth reading both for the light it throws upon the career of this great public figure and for its contribution to an understanding of some of the most important episodes in recent and contemporary public affairs. Yet it is unfortunate that the material is not compressed into smaller space. There is much rhapsodical and repetitious adulation. Even to one like the reviewer who greatly admires the "hero" of the book this quality of composition makes the reading a bit "cloying." To one interest-



ed in the evolution of a human personality it is also a disappointment that the first forty years of Norris' life are so sketchily treated.

Charles McKinley

**Wyoming Student Verse, 1927-1937.** Edited by W. O. Clough. University of Wyoming.

**Ship of Dreams.** By Elsa Leichter. Pamphlet Series of Western Poets. The Zenith Press. 25 cents.

**Eggs in a Blue Bowl.** By Dion O'Donnol. Wagon and Star Press. \$1.50.

**Track of the Sun.** By John C. Almack. The Metropolitan Press. \$1.50.

**The Untillable Hills.** By W. W. Christman. The Driftwood Press. \$1.75.

**Hounds of the Mountain.** By James Still. The Viking Press. \$2.

**They Say the Forties.** By Howard Mumford Jones. Holt. \$1.75.

**Poems.** By Etta Blum. Golden Eagle Editions.

**Tomorrow's Phoenix.** By Ruth Leichter. The Alceste Press. \$3.

In the University of Wyoming's pamphlet of student verse there is nothing for one who is looking for the poetic genius of the age; however, the verse is, on the whole, competent student work. The writing is never obscure or complex, the writers apparently having been aware of neither the major poetic events of our time nor the tremendously rich background of experience which produced this poetry. The writing tends to the provincial rather than the sectional, being confined, largely, to the obviously picturesque.

The verses in Miss Leichter's *Ship of Dreams* are rather too typical of the poetical effusions in Sunday newspapers. She relies almost entirely on pretty subject matter and the sure-fire emotive potency of such words as sweet, dreams, little, wraith, soul, wanton, etc., etc. However, in one poem, "Man with the Weary Smile," she writes from a more specific emotion, and the poem is much the better for it.

Comparing Mr. O'Donnol's *Eggs in a Blue Bowl* with *Ship of Dreams*, I am reminded of the lamentable fate of the Three Men of Gotham. Mr. O'Donnol's book is larger and slightly hysterical because of the way he bustles after trite and banal sensationalism. In "Too Long I Have Looked for Love" he writes, not only his best poem, technically, but has, for once, something to say. He laments having pursued silly chimeras while humanity suffers and endures; and he says,

Tired of all that makes false security  
among the tawdry and unclean  
Too long have I let my mind and heart  
dwell in such places.

Had I seen only this one poem, I should have had a good opinion of Mr. O'Donnol's poetic abilities; and incidentally, it would have meant, to me, that he was sincere in his rejection of the tawdry and unclean.

The best writing in *Track of the Sun* resembles very much that in the pamphlet of Wyoming student verse—direct expression of sentiment or playful swinging "Western" ballads of the type sung around campfires at night. Mr. Almack is less sure in more serious writing, which shows sentimentality instead of imaginative feeling, or else prosy argumentation, made grotesque by sing-song rhythm and rime. There are exceptions, however, and "Mirage" is a notable one.

The late Mr. Christman's *The Untillable Hills* is a remarkable book in many ways. He was an upstate New York farmer who, after rearing nine children and reaching the age of fifty-nine, started writing poetry. This book, his fourth and last, has some remarkably competent writing in it, some of it having been done in his seventy-third year. Certain of his verses are slightly reminiscent of Frost and Robinson; sometimes there is a suggestion of Robert Herrick and Housman. In all of his writing there is to be experienced the life of the woods and fields. In a few vers libre poems avowedly written under the influence of Whitman, he has not succeeded in avoiding the faults of his model.

The poems of *Hounds on the Mountain* are written by a young man—one who is as fond of his Kentucky hills as Mr. Christman was of his up-state New York countryside. He is content to picture the farmers swapping horses, the hill people coming into town in the spring to the circuit court; and he writes of the farm animals and of the wild life in the hills. He is not merely descriptive; his poems are crystallized—often by the terminal verses—into genuine imaginative expression. A good example of his artistry is in the ending of "White Highways":

O do not wander far  
From the roof tree and the mill-gathered  
earth;  
Go not upon these wayfares measured  
with a line  
Drawn hard and white from birth to  
death.  
O quiet and slow is peace, and curved  
with space  
Brought back again to this warm hom-  
ing place.

In the poems of this volume there is, at times, a suggestion of the poet's being aware of something going on in the world outside, but Mr. Still insists that



Being of these hills I cannot pass  
beyond.

The preceding six volumes are all characterized by a very restricted point of view, which is, at its worst, a subjective provincialism, sentimental and prettified, and at its best a limited kind of sectionalism. With the exception of certain poems of Mr. Still's, they seem quite stuffy when compared with *They Say the Forties*, by Howard Mumford Jones. (Mr. Jones, incidentally, is an ex-Montana faculty member who is now teaching at Harvard.) He looks the world of the present moment full in the face and with polite sarcasm tells it what he honestly thinks of it. The young men, it appears, are fools—precisely because they are determined to believe in something. When they are forty, they will reject Marx and realize that they, too, have been "knights of a rueful face" and will know

That laughter and life outlive the solemn ages,  
And the heart defeats all theory, and so  
does grief.

The swiftly moving conversational style, the cutting humor, the sudden beauty of phrase and the skillful command of the conventional verse forms—all these virtues make one realize that the poetry written by college professors is not necessarily so slight a thing as it is usually made out to be. The forties may be a dangerous age, but Mr. Jones also makes us aware of the dangers of being smugly under forty.

In sharp contrast to the witty though often beautiful talk of Mr. Jones is Miss Blum's delicate explorations of the halflights of subjective experience. Her *Poems* are difficult and exacting reading. Whereas the poetry of Mr. Jones lies largely in the thought that exists independent of the exact wording of the poem, the poetry in Miss Blum's writing lies rather in the subtle and unusually complex fusion of imagery and in the imaginative handling of the single word. Sometimes the effect comes from a direct statement, which, by its intensity of meaning, is poetry. The scope of her subject matter is suggested in "Memorial":

To apprehension's core  
ripely have we discerned, and that is all  
our sorrow self-inclusive can achieve.

The knowledge that this is not enough—that it is a sign of defeat, is implicit in "View of a Lineage," in which she declares that "the land is peopled by a tired race" and advises one to

Leave them whose soil  
has nourished you  
insidiously  
moulding the sinews, patterned  
dullardy. . .

The pathos of defeatism is made more real in Miss Blum's poems than it is in those of Mr. Jones. She gives us an imaginative ex-

perience; he tends to talk about it. The two approaches constitute two kinds of poetry; most readers will prefer the approach of Mr. Jones.

Of all the nine books that constitute the subject of this review, in only one—*Tomorrow's Phoenix*, by Ruth Lechlitner—is high poetic excellence combined with a positive acceptance of the world about us. In "Miracle Makers," one of the best poems in the book, she presents the story of the manipulators of myths:

Shrewd among earth's generations  
Above the humble, the anonymous poor  
They rose: prophets who nourished fear  
In the minds of the credulous;

and the miracle makers of our own day:

. . . the trick connoisseurs, the fat, silk-hatted ones  
Blowing fake embers under  
The boom-pot for the future unemployed;  
Priests of the budget balancing recipes  
While the grain rots; industrialists  
Scraping the meat and marrow from the  
bone  
And the economists  
Waiting salt in hand for tomorrow's  
Phoenix:  
She'll rise again, that bird untamed by  
flame,  
From her nest of blood and steel.

Miss Lechlitner is not afraid of being under forty. Read that excellent example of her skill at powerful and trenchant irony in "Lines for an Abortionist's Office." A passage representative of her use of the image is this one from "This Is the Way, This Only":

Cold dew, the rising light and yesterday  
Constant no more than roots, than ferns  
unprinting  
The body's mark; tomorrow  
A shifting star, an echo, a new cell  
Shaping a leaf's edge, a generation's  
bone—  
A generation that shall look clear-eyed  
On these same hills; equal before each  
other  
They shall companion time,  
Finding another path, another way  
Beyond one way, one only.

Lloyd J. Reynolds

The Making of a Hero. By Nicholas Ostrovski. Dutton. \$2.50.

Single to Spain. By Keith Scott Watson. Dutton. \$2.

In reading these books together one receives two lessons, one in internationalism and the other in the vanity of conventional classification. The first book is about Russia, the second about Spain; the first is a novel, the second is the journal of a newspaper-man. But in reality each is a chapter



in the lengthening story of our generation's fight for liberty and self-determination against the forces of tyranny and terror; and each has too much direct transcription from experience and too many accents of drama to be either pure fact or pure fiction.

Of the two the journal is perhaps the more selective, the more imaginative, the more skilful in the order and emphasis of its story. But the novel is strong enough to carry a considerable weight of only slightly diluted chronicling as well as a fair load of hundred per cent. Bolshevism. In either case, the history is too fantastic to be dull, and too threatening to the entire world which is still a part of it to be remote from the safest man in mid-America.

Ostrovski, it seems, was his own protagonist in the novel, as, blind and paralyzed like his character, he tortured out of himself the words that should record the devotion of his people as he had known it and should keep him in the ranks as long as there was a spark of vitality in his ruined body: "Is a more gruesome tragedy possible than the union in one man of a treacherous body which refuses to obey him, and a Bolshevik heart? . . . The Fortress does not exist which Bolsheviks could not take." Ostrovski took his fortress; he wrote and published his book, and died. So one does not expect *The Making of a Hero* to show either the formal perfection of the studio or the impartiality of the historical laboratory in its presentation of the revolutionary cause; but it will be hardened hate indeed that can remain impervious to the eloquence and passion of this self-dedication.

It is a remarkable and heartening phenomenon of our time that the same simple but profound values should be found beneath the surface sophistication of such a book as *Single to Spain*. The hard-boiled metropolitan journalist and the Russian village lad are strangely and excitingly at one in a generation now so deeply plunged into an elemental conflict that it has no time to remember how recently it was merely "lost."

Are we turning sentimental? Are we forgetting the miasma of high causes that was so cruelly dispelled for us after 1918? Are we becoming so childlike again as to strive and hope, after that coming of age? Certainly there is a strange new something in the air. When an Ostrovski, out of dead Russia, and a Watson, out of weary London, walk so stalwartly together down the same highway perhaps we should all fall in step behind them for a while. Perhaps there really is something important beyond the next bend in the road. It need not be revolution; but if we refuse to march at all it probably will be.

Joseph B. Harrison

*South to Samarkand*. By Ethel Mannin. Dutton. \$3.50.

Miss Mannin went to Samarkand to satisfy an *idée fixe* to which the necessity of out-

witting the Soviet Government to get there only added a more irresistible compulsion. Her account of how she accomplished both feats is told with a spirited, uncompromising energy reminiscent of Mrs. Trollope's strictures on the United States.

Miss Mannin asks that *South to Samarkand* be regarded by her readers primarily as a travel book and "not in any way propagandist" either for or against the Soviet Union. Whether it is possible for anyone at the present stage of the world's social development to write with impartiality about the U.S.S.R. is highly dubious. Certainly Miss Mannin's claim that she has done so in this volume is naive.

Her statement that she is a British Labor Party socialist will doubtless convict her of dangerous radicalism in the eyes of some of her readers. To others it may serve as the explanation of her curiously muddled romanticism. The evidence of her eyes and particularly of her nose demonstrates to Miss Mannin that the Workers' Republic has not yet achieved clean, comfortable, sanitary living conditions for all of its citizens. Her intelligence reminds her that less than twenty years is a very brief period historically in which to overcome centuries of backwardness and inertia. But her romanticism rejects that explanation, the "jam tomorrow" policy of the communists as she calls it. The romanticist wants his Utopias today.

On the other hand, Miss Mannin presents an entirely opposite grievance. It is that a materialistic, mechanized Western civilization is invading the East under the Soviet regime, replacing the poetry of its timeless customs with factories, trams, airplanes, tractors, clinics, schools and a culture she deplores. Why, she complains, cannot it be left to its ancient dreaming idleness under Tamerlane's towers of crumbling blue tiles?

Thus do the realities of socialism under Stalin block the romantic escape into either the past or the future and send Miss Mannin back to England to end her "impartial" book with the bitter resolution "nevermore."

Marianne King

*Shine, Perishing Republic: Robinson Jeffers and the Tragic Sense in Modern Poetry*. By Rudolph Gilbert. Bruce Humphries. \$2.50.

Mr. Gilbert is, like Ion the Homeric singer whom Socrates ironically convicts of being a magnetized enthusiast, certainly no critic. For Mr. Gilbert has pulsing through him as through a bar of iron the electricity from his magnet Jeffers, and because of this must measure all life, our times, and all men, except perhaps Jeffers, by the sympathetic vibrations he feels. An unmagnetized spirit may, however, be moved to question one or two of his assumptions, or to regret his occasional wildness of conception, as when, for



instance, he asserts that the Aristotelian concept of the productive intelligence is "recreated" by Jeffers through "premeditative pagan thought." Such statements as this or the statement that "action" in Aristotle's definition of tragedy "forces itself upon man when he interferes with the fixity of fate" do not in any ordinary sense have meaning. And in an expository work meaning in quite an ordinary sense is requisite.

Yet Mr. Gilbert's book has worth in reminding one, by a species of osmosis, of what Jeffers feels like and what everything might feel like if one felt like Jeffers. To most people it is not given to feel like "breaking out of humanity." To Mr. Gilbert that is the central concept of Jeffers' philosophy, and ergo it is a dominating motif of life. In a letter reproduced in facsimile as forepiece to the book Jeffers himself elucidates this motif in the handsome phrase "human nature becomes an anachronism." That is, so Mr. Jeffers insists, natural human nature, adequate biologically, is defective in an industrial civilization; hence we must escape away back and out of the whole tangled mess, achieving annihilation and towers beyond tragedy by violent expression of primitive aspirations and moods.

There is nothing new in this way of talking (and that is nothing against it), but Jeffers is a lazy philosopher and an uninspiring prophet; the first because he doesn't dig more deeply into his hard granite theme and see its form, and the second because his utterance is all prologue—one doesn't get past mere turmoil, for the violence of which Jeffers appears to have a recurrent pathic yearning. He is unlikely to be the establisher of any cults of suicide or renunciation, though he will attract many who like to talk of death, wombs, darkness, suffering. And he has written too much more than Buddha wrote.

An exoteric viewer of Jeffers' verse is likely to regret its lack of precision of imagery, to miss what Blake called the "bounding line of form." This lack is not noticed by the inflator, apparently; the naked, amorphous, cumbrous posturings of leaden emotions are cited again and again with approval by Mr. Gilbert. He seems entirely to share Jeffers' fascination over images like "heaviness", "storm," "weaping," "pain," "writhe," "scream," "death", the ponderousness and repetition of which drags down the ordinary spirit almost to the level of the self-destruction Jeffers ought to advocate. Word rides on word like an old man of the sea on a Sinbad, and so there is utterly lacking any gift of phrase, any swift or sweet elucidations, because each word falls like a heavy stone into a trough, without being given the quickness to get out of the way of the next. Poetry has not had any right to do this since the time when each word was teeming with multitudes of undelivered connotations. That time was when the biblical mode of imagery

now employed by Jeffers was developed, and when language was almost a recent invention.

Most of this has been in the nature of an aside so far as Mr. Gilbert has been concerned. It may be conceived as a tribute to his book, however, that it could draw fire upon its subject, Jeffers; since it is entirely the outcome of Jeffersian inspiration, illuminated by copious reference to and quotation from an imposing number of authors supposed to be brought to mind by the Jeffersian mood. Mr. Gilbert, with charming simplicity, puts it once that a passage of Wordsworth's "reminds" him of Jeffers—and this *mutatis mutandis* reminds one of Buck Mulligan's remark about Shakespeare; "O, the chap that writes like Synge."

Laurence Hartmus

Henry Clay, Spokesman of the West.  
By Bernard Mayo. Houghton Mifflin.  
\$4.50.

This is the first installment of a projected three-volume life of Clay, who was born a Virginian and became the spokesman of the West. Clay's early education began in an old-field school and was continued in the office of the Clerk of Chancery at Richmond where as a youngster he came in close contact with "an atmosphere of oratory and electioneering, of speech making and legal debating." This contact decided him to follow the law and he studied under the famous George Wythe who had taught the law to Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Spencer Roane and many more of the lawyers and public leaders of Virginia. Clay's ideal, however, was Patrick Henry the orator and lawyer, and not John Marshall the jurist and lawyer. Nevertheless Wythe left his impress on young Clay whose abilities he recognized, and had him transferred to the office of Attorney-General Robert Brooks, where his legal education was continued. Having been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, young Clay left for Kentucky whence his mother and step-father had preceded him. Locating in Lexington Clay rapidly pushed himself into the aristocracy of the place, built up a lucrative law practice and erected an elaborate mansion after marrying the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, a pioneer lawyer and business man who had a hand in practically every scheme of exploitation and development on foot in the new country. Mr. Mayo's chapter on Clay as a lawyer in the pioneer west is illuminating not so much because it shows that Clay was a great lawyer as because it makes clear how much more he knew of the law than did the judges before whom he tried his cases.

Four years residence in Lexington so completely identified Clay with the "best people" that he was chosen to represent in the legislature "the economic interests of the business pioneers" which were being threat-



ened by the "agrarian radicals." And who could do this better than this skillful lawyer, unparalleled orator, expert gambler, who was successful in business, welcomed everywhere in society and extremely popular with every section of the people.

From the legislature Clay went to the United States Senate to fill an unexpired term, back to the legislature, again to the Senate, and finally to the House of Representatives in Washington where he was chosen Speaker on the first ballot at the age of thirty-five.

Although Clay began political life as an enthusiastic, not to say vociferous, Jeffersonian he gradually developed the essential elements of his so-called "American System"—protective tariff, internal improvement, and national banking. Mr. Mayo shows clearly how Clay assumed leadership of the "War Hawks" of the West and South who were interested primarily in the conquest of Canada and Florida and incidentally in "sailor's rights." The next volume will tell how "Mr. Clay's war" was fought.

This volume covers only a brief portion of Clay's life and its size indicates that there is much in it that is only remotely connected with Clay personally. The author has combed the newspapers, books, letters, and documents with infinite care and has collected an enormous body of materials. Every phase of Clay's activities is placed against its proper background. Sometimes this appears to be overdone, and in spite of the author's interesting and engaging literary style the reader must concentrate his attention to keep in mind the main thread of the story.

This part of the life of Henry Clay will, probably, never need be done again.

Edvard McMahon

**Red Cloud's Folk.** By George E. Hyde. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.50.

**Mountain Men.** By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.

**Lone Elk.** Parts I and II. By Chauncey Pratt Williams. The Old West Series. Numbers Six and Seven.

**Miles Goodyear.** By Charles Kelly and Maurice L. Howe. Western Printing Company. \$3.

**2,000 Miles in Texas on Horseback.** By N. A. Taylor. Turner Company. \$2.50.

**Texas Cowboys.** By Dane Coolidge Dutton. \$2.50.

**West of the Pecos.** By Zane Grey. Harper. \$2.

**Prairie Trails and Cow Towns.** By

Floyd B. Streeter. Chapman and Grimes. \$2.50.

**The 101 Ranch.** By Ellsworth Collings and Alma Miller England. University of Oklahoma Press. \$3.

**West, Young Man!** By Nard Jones and J. Gordon Gose. Metropolitan Press. \$2.

**Dog of the Pioneer Trail.** By Delia Morris Stephenson. Metropolitan Press. \$2.25.

**One Family Travels West.** By Alice A. Minick. Meador. \$2.

**My Pioneer Past.** By Guy Waring. Bruce Humphries. \$2.75.

**The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.** By Leonard S. Kenworthy. Bruce Humphries. \$2.

Frederick Jackson Turner once said, "Stand at Cumberland Gap and watch the procession of civilization, marching single file—the buffalo following the trail to the salt springs, the Indian, the fur-trader and hunter, the cattle-raiser, the pioneer farmer—and the frontier has passed by. Stand at South Pass in the Rockies a century later and see the same procession." This collection of books about various phases of the West illustrates the successive stages of the development through which, as Turner pointed out, the frontier society progressed. Consequently these volumes will be grouped according to the type of society described, and not according to merit or chronology. The Indian, the trapper, the cattleman, and the farmer, these will be dealt with in their proper order, with a final word for a volume devoted to post-frontier politics.

George E. Hyde's *Red Cloud's Folk* is in every way an admirable study of the Oglala Sioux Indians; it is based on published and oral sources, carefully weighed, and is written with directness and force. The author begins with an account of the migration of the tribe from east of the Mississippi to their later home near the Black Hills. The originality with which this particular section is worked out is particularly convincing. The attempts of the military and of the Eastern humanitarians to solve the Indian problem receive a genuinely critical evaluation, for the author seems to have no pre-conceived bias. Indeed he displays a remarkable impartiality in meting out blame and censure to all parties, white and Indian alike. This volume should meet the approval of both the specialist and the general reader, inasmuch as it is thorough and judicious, lucid and exciting.

The trapper, who preceded the successive waves of permanent settlers and who first began to combat the Indians, is given exten-



sive treatment at the hands of Stanley Vestal, whose book *Mountain Men*, relates some of the more exciting experiences of well known trappers and hunters in pushing forward our western frontier. The book is interesting as a whole, though it is somewhat obviously written down. Its most attractive portion is that containing new material obtained from a trapper, Solomon Selver. Though clearly exaggerated, this man's tale of Blackfoot Smith rings true in the main, and is a fine one. *Lone Elk*, a documented biography of the eccentric mountain man, Bill Williams, is competent and accurate, for the author has assembled all the available sources. Unfortunately *Lone Elk's* autobiography was burned, but the exciting material is interesting. Though perhaps too cautious in his generalizations, the author decides, as does Vestal, that Fremont's disasters in the LaGarita Range cannot be blamed upon Bill Williams. *Miles Goodyear* is the biography of a Connecticut orphan who accompanied Whitman to Fort Hall in 1836. Despite the fact that he is best known for having built the first permanent abode in Utah, Goodyear was a trader and trapper rather than a settler. He made frequent excursions into California and died in the gold fields. The biography is conscientious, but it wanders and repeats.

N. A. Taylor's *2,000 Miles in Texas* explains the physical base upon which the range cattle industry was built. In 1876 the author began a trip from Houston irregularly north and west into the panhandle and down to Presidio del Norte. Fairly well versed in geology and botany, he gives an optimistic estimate of the untapped mineral resources of the state, and emphasizes its agricultural possibilities. The account is written in the florid and sentimental style of the seventies, but this does not detract especially from its charm as a travel book. Zane Grey's novel, *West of the Pecos*, deals with the cattle frontier in west Texas during the post Civil War period. Difficulties with Indians and rustlers are described, to the accompaniment of a romance between the heroine, who masquerades as a boy, and Pecos Smith, who has a mysterious past. Mr. Grey's stilted dialogue is fortunately relieved by colorful nature description and exciting action scenes, like that of the fight with the Indians near the end of the novel. Though Dane Coolidge is describing times as recent as 1909, when the originals of his *Texas Cowboys* were forced to seek the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona to find open range, he is writing of the cowboy in his unspoiled form. Posing as a photographer (his pictures grace the book), Coolidge was able to fraternize with the men during a round-up, and to gather an interesting collection of stories and cowboy songs. Fortunately he was able to resist the temptation to stretch his material, and was content to present a delightful picture of the disap-

pearing, unfenced range. If Coolidge deals with the cowboy in isolation, Streeter's *Prairie Trails and Cow Towns* tends to show the impact of civilization upon the cattleman's West. The book is composed of a series of documented anecdotes and descriptions of stage coach travel, trail driving, cattle towns, and buffalo hunts. There is no connected narrative, but the individual tales are well told. The cattleman was doomed, and *The 101 Ranch* tells the story of the development of commercial agriculture from the free days of the cattle drive. Colonel Miller and his sons gave up the Texas long-horns and raised the standard of their herd by introducing Hereford and Shorthorn stock. They planted grains, fruits, vegetables, and cotton, which gave an annual yield of \$100,000 between 1925 and 1929. Oil was found on the ranch. In addition to rodeos, a circus was operated by the family. But the 101 Ranch is now only an Oklahoma tradition, since a series of misfortunes culminating in the depression of 1929, forced the sale of the tremendous holdings it included. The book is of importance for more than sentimental reasons, for it explains the transition from the cattleman to the farmer. Because the book is written with ability and affection, it serves as a fitting memorial of a great institution.

The pioneer farmer finally conquered the country; he faced difficulties but he settled permanently. As is indicated in the novel, *West, Young Man*, the lot of the individuals who broke the trails was not easy. This story takes Jack Carver to Oregon with Whitman in 1836, and tells of encounters with grizzlies, talks with mountain men, and the difficulties of getting a wagon to Fort Hall. But Jack returns to the East with Whitman to persuade more settlers to go to the newly opened country. *Dog of the Pioneer Trail* is a less successful children's tale describing the 1843 expedition to Oregon. *One Family Travels West* is the memoir of of a woman who as a child traveled from New York to Nebraska. Written when Mrs. Minnick had reached an advanced age, it is discursive and moralizing, and lacks a great deal of the specific detail which would make for wide interest. There is, however, some description of pioneer hardships, and a pleasant account of the Good Templars. Guy Waring's *My Pioneer Past* is all that a memoir can aim to be. It is written from notes, and has gained by being carefully edited, so that the result is a delightful and useful account of pioneer vicissitudes in Washington. Mr. Waring, a Harvard graduate, went West in the 1880's to a sparsely settled area, but wisely decided after a few strenuous years that store-keeping would be less onerous and more profitable. Though he returned to the East at the instance of his wife, the West was in his blood and he traveled again to Washington. The volume is excellently written, nicely printed, and well



illustrated. It can be recommended without qualification.

Even after settlement is completed, the farmer has difficulty in getting out of debt. Consequently he is interested in political action which will lighten his load. Daniel Voorhees, the subject of the biography, *The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash*, was an Indiana Senator who represented the agrarian unrest which arose after the Civil War. He was opposed to the tariff and advocated the free coinage of silver, though he introduced the bill to repeal the Sherman Silver Act. The volume is painstaking, but not brilliant.

Alexander C. Kern

**Point Noir.** By Clelie Benton Huggins. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

"We do not think of ourselves as Americans," says Felix Seigne of Point Noir plantation, thereby suggesting the key to this tale of Louisiana local color. Yet this is more than local a color tale, despite the generous admixture of Creole and negro atmosphere and speech. It is primarily a story of a family and a plantation. Indeed, it is almost the story of a plantation which possesses its people, for the flat acres surrounded by bayou and the sluggish, almost tropical, heat absorb the lives of the Seignes for ends of futility and tragedy.

Written with a deliberate and casual hand, *Point Noir* draws us into the sombre circle of the Seigne family. In three parts, the novel first gives us the family, then, five years later, shows us the slow yielding of the several members to the pressures of Point Noir, and, finally, recounts the brief invasion of a few outsiders who, though failing to penetrate the family armor of reticence and withdrawal, do play a crucial part in the events that follow.

Paul Seigne, a founder of Point Noir, appears only in the memory of the others, a man of boisterous, hearty selfish vigor that once dominated all about him. But his widow, attempting a long-awaited escape, sinks into mental decay. The three children are likewise entrapped: Simon by grief for his dead bride; Felix, convinced of the meaninglessness of life, by his inconsistent attempt to improve the negroes and by the mulatto teacher he imports; and Valentine, possessive, tight-lipped, forbidding, by her inner-panic at the deepening shades of loneliness. Simon's child alone, Ange-Marie, tempestuous, erratic, almost hysterical at any show of friendliness, inherits something of the grandfather's energy.

Over this tale broods a sonambulist melancholy. It is not that Point Noir is haunted—the author does not descend to such cheap trickery—nor even that the tale is actually of the Faulkner-Caldwell genre. Yet unmistakably present is the note of decay, futility and frozen despair, dominant over even the love for the land. Why has

Southern literature so consistently of recent years offered us this brooding unhappiness and tragedy, at times rising to morbid savagery or Gothic horror?

Miss Huggins' novel is actually calmer than this query might seem to imply, though it does permit of the question. If the jacket comment is not misleading, this is a first novel, and as such is a competent piece of writing, with few touches of immaturity, and only a slight straining of our credulity (and even this last impression may arise in part from our ignorance of the bayou country). There is, too, some suggestion of sacrifice of plot to reminiscence or atmosphere, such as to hint an apprentice hand. But *Point Noir* is in all a better than average piece of work.

Wilson O. Clough

**In the Lives of Men.** By Alan Hart. W. W. Norton. \$2.50.

Let the worst about this book be said at once. The style is threadbare. When one has said that he has said all (though realists may regret the shooting off of a boy's arm for the denouement as being unduly symbolical). For this is not just another novel. Honest, adult, it has to say about a part of regional America that it knows by heart, something worth saying and being heard. How the frontier of the many is swapped for gold in the hands of the few and what de-forestation is doing to the state of Washington is convincingly and dispassionately depicted.

The lense through which we see this forty-year slaughter is the eyes and mind of an intelligent doctor who comes to a boom town on Puget Sound fresh from his studies in Vienna. And as the big trees—the Douglas firs, the pines, and the hemlocks—go through the logging crews and down the skid-road to the shingle mills, leaving blackened hillsides behind, so a steady stream of mangled loggers goes through the office of Dr. Winforth, for him mend if he can or to be turned out as stumpage to match the hillsides if he can't.

We are struck by the author's refusal to stay on picturesque surfaces. Here is no out-of-door woodsman in red checked mackinaw falling a great tree to the tune of "Tim-ber!" The lumber men are not buccaneers. They're just plain thieves. *Come and Get It* will have a hundred sales to one of this book, but Miss Ferber could learn from Alan Hart.

We loved Mother Damnable, a madam of the old school; we delighted in the intersection in Middle Fairharbor which held businesses representing salvation, damnation, recreation, and creation. A doctor himself, the author views sex serenely, and this fact pleases us too. The style of the book may be poor, but its intelligence is unflagging.

Paul Eldridge



**Twenty Eventful Years.** By Lawrence K. Hodges. Wilson-Erickson, Inc.

Threaded through the editorial pages of the *Oregonian* for a score of years were the writings of its "Larry" Hodges. The years were those in which the world went savage. Civilization was abandoned except where its weapons and tools could spill blood and intensify cruelty. Of the times before the World War, Larry Hodges wrote, pointing out the causes in manipulation and scheme employing the rougher figures and instrumentalities of force to accomplish a frustrated purpose. So he wrote as the boys from the home town went marching bravely and gaily "over there" to learn that the glory of war is not and never will be.

And so too he wrote of the post-war days, after the great conflict had taken eight years out of the plans and activities, the life and the efficiency of local communities as well as the nations that fought. He wrote always with a completeness of information, a painstaking exactitude and thus with an authority and a finality that needed not to wait until the editorial page of the *New York Times* arrived in order to repeat another's opinion.

Perhaps that is why those who knew Lawrence Hodges well find in his book a portrait of the author. No one else would. They would consider that the writer had buried his own personality in his job. But that is exactly the point. There is such a thing as a man losing himself in his subject and finding himself in the product. What Lawrence Hodges wrote bears the imprint of the man, even in its anonymity. To those who would read a record of stirring times, who would have a model for editorial writing or preserve a memorial of Lawrence K. Hodges, *Twenty Eventful Years* is recommended.

Marshall N. Dana

**A History of the University of Wyoming, 1887-1937.** By Wilson O. Clough.

This book is something of an achievement in combining careful historical method with admirable readability. For those many hundred persons who are or have been linked to the University of Wyoming it will be a story of fascinating interest; even to the outsider it has no little charm. The record of this state university is in most respects typical of the checkered pattern of the rise of state higher education in the western United States, with its intriguing drama of great aspirations, ardent devotion, enthusiastic and self-denying labors, mingled all the way with local selfishness and political trades. As so often in other states, the university, the state capital, the penitentiary, were prizes to be won from the early legislatures. Wyoming is unique in one respect, and fortunately so, in

that the whole enterprise of higher learning is "under one roof", administratively. Not only was the agricultural college, so often split off, a part of the University, but the proposal of even a separate 'normal school' was turned down and the training of elementary teachers put in the hands of the University.

Here is the story of the first half-century, no less, of this nearly-youngest of state universities—so completely is the frontier gone. Among the items of the original budget stands "For chemical and philosophical apparatus," and the phrase was really not naive or inappropriate at the time. Other frontiers have also passed in the half-century.

One other outstanding fact from the story: four of the most distinguished and characteristic personalities in the faculty roster are women, June E. Downey, psychologist, Grace R. Hebard, historian, Irene May Morse, in modern languages, and Agnes Mathilde Wergeland, in history and French. These four all served in the early formative years of the University. All held the doctorate and were known far beyond the confines of the state. So emancipated and advanced was the spirit of the University that Dr. Hebard was invited to the presidency in 1903, being politically and practically wise as well as scholarly. One is tempted to regret that she declined the invitation.

There are many other distinguished names in the record. Two may serve as notable examples, Dr. E. E. Slosson, professor chemistry, later the chief disseminator of popular science; and Frank Pierrepont Graves, third president, now, after many posts of distinction, head of the educational system of the State of New York. Since names are being mentioned, that of Dr. Aven Nelson cannot be omitted, member of the first faculty and continuously since, although *emeritus* and research professor since 1931, starred in *American Men of Science* since Volume One, president of the University from 1917 to 1922. Perhaps no other single individual could so well symbolize the first half-century of the life of the University.

These fragmentary notes may hint at the rich interest of the book.

Edward O. Sisson

**Henry of Navarre.** By Marcelle Vioux. Dutton. \$3.50.

**John Tom Alligator and Others.** By Robert E. S. Chambers. Dutton. \$2.50.

**The Tree Has Roots.** By Mary Jane Ward. Dutton. \$2.50.

**The Gentleman of the Party.** By A. G. Street. Dutton. \$2.50.

**The Tail of the Comet.** By Mary Cable Dennis. Dutton. \$2.50.

Henry of Navarre, Henry IV of France, was one of that country's greatest monarchs.



He probably spent as much time in love-making as any of the other notorious kings of France. The author of the romanticized biography which heads our list seems to feel that the latter accomplishment is the more remarkable, for he concerns himself principally with the King's career as a lover.

Even aside from its love interests, Henry's life lends itself well to the type of book so motivated. More drama and dangerous adventure assailed him than can be crowded into most novels. From the massacre on the Eve of Saint Bartholemew, when Henry was the nineteen-year-old leader of the Huguenot party in Paris, until his death at the hands of the assassin Ravaillac, his person was the hub of war and intrigue on the continent. After the massacre he spent two dangerous years as prisoner in the court of Catherine de Medici. Then he escaped, and for a decade led the Huguenot armies against the unscrupulous dowager, with brilliance and ultimate success. As King, aided by the wit and cannon of Sully, he proved himself not inferior to either Philip II of Spain, or Elizabeth of England. However, this story is not of the growth and consolidation of France. But rather a tale of Medici poisons, of soothsayings of astrologers, and of Henry's women.

The short stories of Robert Chambers are in direct line of descent from the work of his famous father, Robert W. Chambers. They are literate, professionally, and because they are sparsely worded they might even be considered an improvement on the fiction of the parent. But in every other way they are equally bad. So bad that we might not have bothered with them if it were not for the opportunity they offer of killing two birds at one and the same time.

How long ago was it that Mr. Chambers, senior, began cashing in on the loosening sexual tone of popular fiction? The rules of propriety in the slick magazines are very strict and to Mr. Chambers went the kudos and the cash for stretching them. The secret of his success was that he did stretch them, and jumped up and down on them—with judicious emphasis, to get the last salacious drop—without ever in his life breaking one of the sacred things. Thus he was in some sense an innovator. And young Chambers is in nearly the same sense also an innovator.

These stories seem to be an attempt to popularize, maybe for such a magazine as Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, a technique familiar in what is called the modern short story. The achievement is a blow which may well mean the death of all Hemingway imitations. Chopped sentences, repeated words and phrases (refrains) and the fake realistic treatment of romantic themes make here a terrible effect of unconscious burlesque. No matter how romantically varied the setting, the author manages to be consistently trite. Spaniards fight Indians in Florida, three

mad scientists get madder on a desert island, Villon writes a poem about love (via Wyndham Lewis), natives rebel against imperialism in Morocco, the stupid, noble savage loyally dies for his white benefactor, or the stupid, noble savage takes revenge on his white betrayer. Probably we shouldn't go so far as to say that this stuff is worse than that usually run in the larger magazines, but only that if it has ever been accepted for periodical publication, the deciding factor in the editorial decision may have been a belief in the drawing power of the famous name, Robert Chambers.

*The Tree Has Roots* is a book of capable characterizations tied together by a background of service to a privately endowed university. But the people engaged in the business of maintaining the academic life—the janitors and waitresses and stenographers—have learned to have little respect for the institution that supports them. This may be the reason their lives and interests have so little connection with their work. And, speaking of the book as a whole, the chasm between work and interests may partially explain why the background furnishes a formal rather than a successful unity, why the effect is rather of a group of sketches and stories than of a novel.

English agriculture, sixty-five years of it in an honest novel, has all the makings of unlimited dullness. The competence of A. G. Street's fine characterizations in *The Gentleman of the Party* saves the situation. Numbers of salty people—a few years ago the expression would have been "earthy"—sustain an interesting depth in this longish book. The hero of the piece is the land itself. Sutton Farm is more than just a job of work for the farm laborers, renters, and owners who come into contact with it. The job is more than just playing 'put-and-take' with the soil, though that further something remains vague, and must be called simple love of the land. The problem is to discover the best use that can be made of the soil, whether it be sheep, or grain, or dairy, or some combination of them, against the fluctuation of prices. So the book is a bit dull, and because the suggestions towards a relationship between state and agriculture are not clear it is not brilliant, but in every other respect it is workmanlike and honest.

Let us pause and once again reflect, with becoming reverence, upon aspects of American Life. The aspects encountered in *The Tail of the Comet* are attractive and optimistic in an outmoded fashion suggestive of stereoptican slides. They are scenes from the life of a pleasantly garrulous old lady, who was the daughter of George W. Cable, and the wife of A. L. P. Dennis. There are glimpses of Cable in New Orleans after the Civil War as a young literary man. His version of the romantic south having become famous, he moved to New England, the center of the literary trade. The lesser half of



the reminiscences describes the career of Professor Dennis, student and pedagogue in history and diplomatic relations, and brain-truster in the Wilson government.

Neither Cable nor Dennis is now generally well-remembered, and Mrs. Dennis does not do a good job of reconstructing their memory for us. Maybe it is because she remembers them too well that she cannot make the bridge to the present. Her slight, anecdotal book gives, rather than a picture of her subjects, an impression of her own child-like admiration for them. With all the formulated defects of an epitaph, Pollyanna—really a fine woman among fine people—recounts the pious achievements of her family, with careful obeisance towards the notable personages among their acquaintances.

Tom Norton

*Country Men.* By James Hearst. With a Foreword by Ruth Suckow. The Prairie Press.

When one travels through the Middle West one remembers not the little towns hovering around a filling station and a grain elevator, nor the sprawling prairie cities strewn along the rivers like debris after a storm. But one remembers the miles, the countless miles, of farm lands, the endless fields, the men plowing, the farm houses at night with light beams falling out of the windows.

In *Country Men*, his first book of poems, James Hearst recalls this land, this open country. In poetry as native and beautiful as a meadow lark, he writes of the corn reviving after rain, little pigs, of the slaughter of wild life at haying time, the parade of movers on March first, of love and death

and the rush of time—all the familiar things we know.

*Country Men* is a book to read "after chores", that quiet time described by Mr. Hearst in these lines:

These are the hours that no one counts  
when time  
sneaks past your chair like a cat and  
and the reluctant foot  
has not yet found the stair  
has not yet made  
one quiet footstep further toward the  
night,

Marjorie Merrill Bliss

*Winds, Waves and Wonders.* By Beatrice Young. Metropolitan Press. \$1.25.

Miss Young has gone to considerable labor to write these ten stories, in the hope "that they will amuse children from four to ten years of age, and at the same time interest them with regard to some elementary facts of natural science." But considering the wide-spread popularity of Walt Disney's fantasies, it is strange that more prospective writers of children's books have not learned from Mickey Mouse how necessary it is to avoid being condescending to children and that almost any other approach is better than an obviously didactic one. A child who makes a hero of Donald Duck will be far too sophisticated to be amused by Mr. Active Ant and Mr. Ernest Ant, the Good Citizens of Antville. The stories that are apparently written for older children and which are more concerned with scientific facts are better reading.

Lloyd J. Reynolds

## IDEAL

GRANT H. REDFORD

I call to you,  
But you do not hear.  
I call your name  
Through the tangle of apple boughs.

And where the clover,  
White and purple,  
Whispers the sensuous accents of your name  
To the pale and friendly sky  
I also whisper your name,  
Moving it over and under my tongue,  
Reverently.

But like the sky and sunlight,  
You do not hear.



# YOUNG WRITERS



*In this section will appear the writing of undergraduate students in Northwest colleges and universities. Contributions must be sent only through some designated instructor of creative writing.*

## FIRST OPERA

MARIE LOUISE DE KONING

(Whitman College)

THEY were all standing downstairs at eight, waiting for Judith; and while they were waiting, Judith was looking at herself in the full-length mirror. She ran a comb through the one brown curl over her temple and again touched the powder puff to her nose. "I look absolutely lovely," she thought, highly approving of herself. She turned gracefully so that the full skirt of brown tafetta swished around her legs and then fell back into shiny folds. She took a peek at the gold tips of her slippers.

Mother's voice came from below. "Judith, the opera won't wait for you forever."

Judy sighed and looked at herself again. "It's quite the loveliest dress a girl of fifteen ever had," she mused, touching a caressing finger on the bodice, held in tightly by the narrow gold bands at the waist. "It will be the most lovely evening in the world, and Uncle Sidney will say that I look lovely and so will Jean." Of course, her sister Jean's chiffon dress wasn't quite so pretty, but then, she'd worn it already once. Yet Jean would be lovely, because Jack was coming down to go to the opera with them. Judy counted them off on her fingers—mother, father, Uncle Sid, Aunt Bess, Em, Barbara, Jean, Jack, David and herself. Ten, and she would be quite the most fascinating of them all.

Judith's thoughts were running riot. "I'll make all the men look at me and I'll sweep David off his feet. It's too bad he isn't handsome, but he does like me." She smiled, privately thinking that at the age of sixteen David was only a little boy. She picked up the hand-mirror.

"I'll smile at them like this." She smiled at the mirror. "And I'll wink my eye ever so discreetly, like this." She winked at her reflection. "And I'll look sophisticated and grown-up, and when I smile at David I'll get that dreamy look in my eyes that Barbara gets when she looks at Em." Judith ran her slender forefinger along the line of her cheek. "And maybe after the opera is all over and everyone has come home, David will try to kiss me, and I'll look superior and frown ever so slightly."

Judith put down the mirror, pivoted once more, and then went downstairs lightly, fluttering as if she were apologizing for keeping them waiting.

Uncle Sid dropped a kiss on the brown curl and said, "My niece looks charming this evening. May I escort you?"

Judith took her uncle's arm. David would have to take Aunt Bess until they got to the opera. When they reached the theater door, Judith got out carefully, tapping the gold slippers very faintly on the sidewalk. Em agreed



to meet them inside after he had parked the car.

David, neat in his dark suit, ran a hand over his oiled hair. "Hullo, Judy."

Judith frowned.

"May I have your arm?"

She looked at him reproachfully, annoyed at his lack of thoughtfulness. He showed their tickets at the door with an air of importance. Mother and father and Jack and Jean were already in the foyer when they came in. Judy smiled and nodded, then tugged at David's sleeve and drew him into the small crowds assembled before the aisle curtain. She was very conscious of the rustle her skirt made as she walked.

"Have you the ticket stubs, David?"

"Of course," he patted his vest pocket.

Judy felt a thrill of pleasure.

"It's *Madame Butterfly* tonight, isn't it?" she asked nonchalantly, as if she went to opera every night.

They drifted back to the family. Em and Barbara had come in by now, and by twos they started down the aisle. They sat in two rows, Judy, David, Uncle Sid and Aunt Bess in the first and the others behind them. Judith was in a state of nervous agitation before the music started. She longed to go out and get a drink, so that she could swish down the aisle again in her lovely dress. But she suppressed the longing with a sigh of happiness and settled down with the rest of the audience to read the program.

During the first part of the performance, Judy could think of nothing but her dress. The story of the opera she knew, for her father had given it to her

to read the day before. It was not until Cho Cho San began her first flirtation with Lieutenant Pinkerton that she could set her thought on the stage.

Everyone went out during intermission, talking in excited voices about the beautiful music and the gorgeous scenes. Judith and David walked through the foyer in a detached way, discussing them as fully as anyone else.

"I think she is lovely," Judith said, over and over, the flippancy of her voice trailing off for a moment.

During the second half of the performance, Judith was in such ecstasy as she had never before in her life been in. Her ability to live outside herself placed her in the role of *Madame Butterfly*. She sat stiff for the full five minutes that Cho Cho San stood silhouetted on the screen while the ships left the harbor. Tears ran down her cheeks as the figure of the pretty Japanese girl slid to the floor from the thrust of the dagger. During the applause, she sat in silent entrancement, unable to move. Her whole being was filled. It was as if someone had suddenly understood just what "age fifteen" wanted and had given it freely. When the final curtain came down, she had forgotten even the brown taffetta dress with the bands of gold around the waist. Her heart was racing madly and she had one wild impulse to rush down the aisle and onto the stage.

Crowds were moving out of their seats. She slipped into the aisle with David, raising her head slightly, but retaining the look of deeply felt emotion in her eyes. She knew it was there and was aware that it was a lovely look. She thought the people around her would realize that she had felt the

opera beyond words. She knew then that someday she was going to sing.

They stood in the foyer while they waited for Em to get the car again, all except Judy talking. The people who passed her were as a hundred butterflies, and she smiled vaguely as if she knew them all. She felt her heart surge up to her throat and back again. She gulped, hoping afterwards that someone had seen or heard her. But while she was thus consciously acting the part of a young girl overcome by feeling, she was also experiencing an emotion that surpassed all others that her fifteen years had known—an emotion of deep felt love and a sense of newly created beauty.

When they got home, there were drinks for everyone but Judith and David, who had grapejuice.

"David," she said to him as he was following her into the kitchen, "do I look nice?" She opened the back door and gave a half turn onto the porch.

"Very nice, Judy, nicer than I have ever seen you."

"You look very nice too, David." Judith saw that he was standing beside her at the top of the back steps. "Wasn't it superb? I'm going into opera, you know."

She moved gracefully back towards the kitchen door as if she were a butterfly on delicate wings, not for a minute forgetting her role, and still very aware of David.

"It was lovely!" She turned and made a dramatic gesture with her free hand. "It does something to you inside, something beautiful. I could hear her and look at her forever." Her untrained voice broke into a series of flighty notes. The look of expressed emotion was in her eyes.

After Uncle Sid, Aunt Bess, Jack, and David had left, the rest washed the glasses and closed the house for the night.

"Well, Judith, did you like your first opera?" Her father put an arm around her shoulders and held her close to him.

"Yes, daddy; may I go again? I want to go every night—forever."

Mother was smiling at her. "I'm afraid my little daughter has been swept off her feet."

Jean and Barbara were starting upstairs. Jean leaned over the bannister: "Not every night, Jude, you'd be sick and tired of it."

Judith rose to defend her emotions; she could not have anyone think she was foolish or insincere: "I'll see it every night and never get tired of it. It was beautiful and she was the loveliest thing in the world."

Jean and Barbara went upstairs with Judith following them.

"No, Jean," she said, remembering that some day she would be an opera singer herself. "You can never get over loving it. I know I never will!"

Judith shut the door of her room tightly. Then she turned out the light and stood against the window, hoping that her figure silhouetted there in slender, beautiful lines. "I feel just like she must have felt when he left her that day," she mused. "She must have loved him a very great deal. I wonder if I shall ever love David that much."

She pulled off her clothes in the dark and slipped quickly into bed.

"I shall go again tomorrow," she whispered to herself. "And every night next week. And David will go with me and tell me I am lovely with-



out my asking him, but David will never quite understand."

No, it was certain that he would never quite understand. Judy sighed. Her mind told her for a minute that mother probably wouldn't let her go tomorrow. But everything would take care of itself then.

She nestled down into the covers, digging her toes between the blankets and the mattress. She sighed again sleepily.

"Cho Cho San was the most lovely thing—in a most lovely night—and I was looking most lovely."

Judith knew it would always be so.

## "YOU COULD 'A GOT ME CHEAPER"

MARTHA C. STEWART

University of Oregon.

IT was a still, hot day, so still that the metal of the hoe striking against an occasional buried rock sounded like the sharp clang of a distant alarm bell, and Aylcee's breath was a panting whisper as she worked. The sun burned through the hole in her limp blue work shirt and branded a fiery scarlet streak along her shoulder-blade.

"Frank Ed'ard oughta be comin' along most any minute now," she thought, pausing a moment to look out across the field where the old dirt road wound over the crest of the hill. She turned her eyes back to her hoeing with a sigh. She couldn't see him now, but he'd be comin' along directly, drivin' his horses over the hill, singin' a song at the top of his voice. First there'd be the puff of dust like a far-off whirlwind and then it would grow and grow until finally she could see the horses, heads back, manes flying, and behind them Frank-Ed'ard, whoopin' and hollerin', his old sorr'l mare lathered with sweat and grey with dust. At the fence he'd let the horses run on alone for a piece while he'd lean down out of his saddle and lift up the crossbar on the old wood gate, and then he'd ride across the field, the sharp hoofs of the

mare kicking up rocks and clods behind her. He'd ride right up to the potato-patch fence, and just as she'd think he was going to come plungin' through on top of her the sorr'l mare would rare back on her hind legs and stop in a cloud of dust. "Mornin' Aylcee," he'd say to her when the dust had cleared. "Mornin', Frank-Ed'ard," she'd say back to him, and he'd smile at her until her heart would thunder in her breast so hard she could hardly bear it.

The hot stones in the potato rows scorched the bottoms of her bare feet as she moved slowly along turning up the weeds that tangled in among the vines, and her back ached with weariness. Hoein' taters always made her tired and the heat and dust burned her throat until it felt dry and harsh.

She could hear Paw swearin' at the boys down by the sheep corral and the sound filled her with disgust. "Get around them there sheep," he was bawling at the top of his voice. "D'ya hear me, y'damn lazy loafers!" Slowly Aylcee straightened up and laid down the hoe, pushing back her old straw hat with a grimy hand. If Paw was yellin' at the boys down by the sheep

e'll she'd have time to go to the spring house and get a drink before he'd miss her.

The spring house was cool and dark inside. Aylcee stood in the doorway a moment until her eyes could bridge the gap between the glaring sun and the darkness within, and then she closed the door behind her and groped her way to the spring. The hard damp earth felt soothing to her hot feet and the trickle of the spring running out of the hillside and over the rocks was sweet music to her ears. Ignoring the rusty tin cup up on a nearby stone, she stretched out flat and pressed her stomach close against the ground, and drank great thirsty gulps. Then hastily she washed her face and hands and dipped bare feet into the water until they ached. She could hear the kids down over the bank of the hill splashing water on each other where the spring ran out from underneath the wood and burlap hut that protected it. At last she got to her feet and moved reluctantly out into the blazing heat.

"'Bout got them 'taters hoed, Aylcee?" It was Maw's voice shrilling from the back of the house where she was spreading early summer apricots on a sheet to dry. Aylcee shook her head and paused a moment to put a handful of the pitted fruit in her mouth. Then she swung her bare foot back and forth over the sheet, fanning the insects that covered them.

"Flies 'r terrible, ain't they, Maw?"

Her mother nodded. "They were never no worse in Kentucky than they are right here. I 'member afore yore paw and I come out west here yere cousin Mattie used to tell us how there wasn't nothin' you couldn't have in Oregon." Maw's voice was a plaintive whine. "I

cain't see that we got no more of nothin' here than we had back there, 'cept-in' flies."

"You've got more kids," Aylcee reminded her.

But Maw wasn't listening. She spread out the last pieces of orange fruit upon the sheet, shooing away the flies with a dirty apron, and grunting to her feet shuffled toward the house. "You better get back to yer hoein'," she warned Aylcee over her shoulder. "Yere paw ain't feelin' none too kind toward ye right now. Better not let him catch ye loafin'!"

Aylcee pushed another handful of apricots into her mouth and moved on slowly toward the patch. She didn't want to get Paw riled. Paw was gettin' tired of seein' her around. He thought Frank Ed'ard ought to marry her and take her off his hands. "But Paw," she'd tried to tell him when he'd threatened to speak to Frank Ed'ard, "Frank-Ed'ard 'll ask me soon as he's ready. He's a western fellow, Paw. They ain't like the people back in Kentucky; here they don't want no one buttin' in." Frank-Ed'ard was courtin' her all right, if only Paw let 'em be; but if Paw went a-rushin' things he might scare Frank-Ed'ard clean away.

She had almost reached the end of the row when she looked up again to see Frank-Ed'ard and his band of horses coming across the hill, hollerin' just like he allers did. He reminded Aylcee of the noisy copper-colored Indians riding through to the Round-up every fall. She laughed delightedly as she watched him spur the old mare and throw his hat up in the air.

Frank-Ed'ard wasn't like Kentucky fellers. He talked different. "Your eyes 'r purty, Aylcee girl," he'd told



her shyly once when he was dancing with her. "I've saw wild larkspur in the hills when I been ridin' just the color of your eyes. Larkspur kills the sheep that eat it," he'd added solemnly, "An I reckon your eyes are going to be the death of me." Her heart turned over and she'd known right then that if she couldn't have Frank-Ed'ard she wouldn't want to live.

Now as the mare thundered across the field Aylcee's heart filled with pride. She put her hoe down and moved over to the fence so close that she could smell the hot sweating body of the horse.

"Mornin,' Frank-Ed'ard." she sang out.

"Mornin', Aylcee girl," he answered cheerfully. "Ya hot enough?"

"I'm meltin' away, Frank-Ed-ard," she told him, pulling up one overall leg and pointing in proof to the great drops that coursed across her dusty shin. "Goin' to the grange dance to-night?" She knew he was.

"Ain't nothin' else to do," he told her. "Are you?" He knew she was.

"Reckon so," she admitted. "Paw and the boys are goin' so I might as well go with 'em."

"Dance the first 'un with me?"

Aylcee nodded. She'd be in Frank-Ed'ard's arms tonight! Maybe he'd tell her that her eyes was like larkspurs again or that her hair was golden as the wheat-fields up the valley when the sun was on them, like he'd said the other day.

"See you tonight," she called after him. See you tonight, she whispered softly in her heart as she picked up her hoe and moved back across the potatoes to finish the row.

Paw was sullen when he and the boys came in at noon.

"Y'ain't got that tater patch done yet, have ye?" he asked Aylcee reaching out across the oil-clothed table for a steaming hunk of corn-bread. Aylcee shook her head. "Only been workin' at it since daylight," she told him as she handed the baby a salt pork rind to chew on. "Let 'em alone, Maw," she added to her mother, who was making feeble passes at the flies with a splotched grey dish towel. "You cain't shoo 'em out that-a-way."

Paw slopped up the juice from his beans with the hunk of cornbread and watched Aylcee with resentful eyes.

"What's come into ye, Aylcee?" he asked presently. "You ain't been worth a goddam since that feller started hangin' around."

Aylcee pushed back her damp hair and wiped the perspiration from her face. She went on eating in silence. There wasn't nothin' you could say to Paw.

"Ye're sixteen years old, and it ain't right I should go on payin' for yere keep," he went on angrily after a moment. "Is he gonna marry ye, or ain't he?" Aylcee looked at her father across the table, her body trembling. "Because," her Paw added finally, "If he don't do sumpin purty quick, I'm aimin' to have a talk with him."

Aylcee caught her breath. Oh Lord-in-Heaven, Paw couldn't do that. She'd lose Frank-Ed'ard for certain if Paw tried to bargain with him.

"You cain't do that, Paw; you don't have no right."

Paw wasn't listening to her. "You, Lex," he bellowed at the smallest boy sitting next to her. "Get along out

there to the sheep c'rell and finish them there boards."

Aylcee got up slowly and put on her hat. She was glad Frank-Ed'ard wasn't like the boys and Paw. He had a steady job roundin' up wild horses for the canneries, and he got paid a reg'lar wage so's if a girl was married to Frank-Ed'ard she wouldn't have to worry about beans or cornbread every day.

If a girl was married to Frank-Ed'ard! Aylcee's heart beat painfully. If Paw didn't let 'em be she'd never be married to Frank-Ed'ard. "Oh Lord-in-Heaven," she prayed again, "You can't do this to me! You ain't got no right to let Paw come 'atween us two." She knew that she was wrong. The Lord had a right to do anything He wanted to; He had a right to let her pray and pray 'til she was weak from prayers, and then turn His head the other way. She'd had Him do that to her other times but before it had never mattered very much.

"Oh Lord-in-Heaven," she sobbed as she hoed, "Listen to me just this once. Don't let Paw come 'atween me and Frank-Ed'ard. I couldn't stand it if you did." Again she knew she was wrong. Even when things seemed nigh unbearable you went on bearing 'em.

"I've got to look purty," she told herself that night as she scrubbed off dirt from the potato patch and put on the long red dress that Clara Oliver had given her the year she'd gone away. Carefully she tied on the old black ox-fords, her only shoes. She could hear the boys and Paw cranking the old model "T" outside the house. Her throat ached miserably. Suppose Paw said something to Frank-Ed'ard at the

dance tonight! She'd see Frank-Ed'ard first and make him ask her to marry him, that's what she 'ud do.

"Oh Father-in-Heaven," she prayed again. "Let it be tonight."

Maw and the baby were already in the Ford, and the kids were swarming all over the outside and hanging out the back. Aylcee pulled up her skirt and climbed in over the door to the back seat and took one of the kids on her lap.

"Let it be tonight," she whispered once more as Paw threw one leg over the front door and hoisted himself in behind the wheel. "Let it be tonight," she repeated desperately all the way into town over the bumpy road.

The town was full of cars just like it always was on grange dance night. Even Mr. Oliver's long blue sedan was parked out in front of Hawkins's general merchandise store. The kids leaned out of the car and hollered at knots of people waiting along the sidewalk for the dance to begin inside.

"Shut up, you kids," Aylcee begged. "Ya want everyone a-lookin' at us?"

It made her ashamed when the boys hollered that way. Made her ashamed because the sheep-ranchers and their wives in their shiny cars laughed at the old rattle-trap Ford full of kids. "Shut up," she pleaded again as Paw eased up on the hand throttle, slowing to a stop in front of the pastime. The kids piled out leaving her and Maw to quiet the baby.

"Them kids make him fret," Maw whined. "He's the first puny kid I ever had, and I don't hardly know what to do with him." Aylcee nodded, her eyes were searching up and down the dusty street for Frank-Ed'ard's lanky figure.



Presently the music began inside and Aylcee and Maw climbed out and pushed through the crowd of men around the door drinking straight whiskey from a bottle impartially passed around. One of them stepped out and took hold of Aylcee's shoulder. It was the head man of Mr. Oliver's shearing crew.

"Well if it ain't the girl from old Kaintuck," he bellowed while the crowd of men looked on with interest. "Reckon I'll dance this 'un with you." He put his arm around Aylcee and began to push her toward the dance floor amid the laughter of his friends.

Aylcee shook off his hand. "I ain't gonna dance with you, but if you want I'll hold the baby and you can dance with Maw." The man grunted with disgust and walked away. Aylcee and Maw moved on around the dancers to an empty strip of bench along the wall.

"You didn't have to make as if to poke fun at me," she whined at Aylcee. "I'm yere own flesh and blood, gal. I'm yere Maw. You didn't have to go pokin' fun at me." Aylcee wasn't listening, for Frank-Ed'ard was coming across the floor.

"Dream girl of mine, dream girl of mine," the piano player whined. They were such purty words, Aylcee thought, and she wondered if Frank-Ed'ard would ever call her that.

Over Frank-Ed'ard's shoulder she could see Paw and the boys standing back by the door. Supposin' Paw got hold of Frank-Ed'ard and talked to him!

"Oh Lord-in-Heaven!" she sobbed.

"You dance jest like you're floatin'," Frank-Ed'ard was saying in her ear. "You ain't like the other girls.

I'd 'bout as soon push a plow as dance with most of 'em."

Aylcee smiled feebly. She hardly heard what Frank-Ed'ard said to her for Paw had got a jug of likker somewheres and you never knew what he'd do when he got likkered up.

She danced the second dance with Frank-Ed'ard, and then the next two with someone else, and then she danced with Frank-Ed'ard again.

"It ain't dancin'," she thought to herself, "when it's someone else. It's just movin' round the floor awaitin' fer Frank-Ed'ard to take me in his arms again." Pretty soon the head man of Mr. Oliver's shearing crew came up and she danced with him. He was pretty drunk; his hot breath blew down the back of her dress.

She kept an eye on Paw and counted the times he took his jug of liquor outdoors. His face was getting steadily more flushed, and he was telling everybody in a loud voice about his kids. "Got eight kids," Aylcee could hear him say, "and if my old woman don't give out on me I'll have eight more. An'," he went on confidentially, "if she does—" his voice was lost in a shout of laughter. Aylcee turned her head away.

The musicians had stopped now, all but the piano player, and the pastime keeper and his wife were up on the platform with their fiddles while Hi Munjar, who ran the gas station, coaxed the people to get their partners for an old-time square dance. He was shouting,

*All join hands and circle to the right,  
Swing yer pardners with all yere  
might.*

Frank-Ed'ard swung Aylcee so hard

she could hardly breath; she clung to him tightly to keep from falling.

"You swing easy, Aylcee girl," Frank-Ed'ard whispered to her.

As they stopped to rest a moment she saw Paw comin' across the floor toward them, reeling slightly, his eyes thunderous.

"Frank-Ed'ard," Aylcee gasped, "Take me outside. Reckon I need some air."

Out there Aylcee felt faint with relief. But somehow she must make Frank-Ed'ard ask her to marry him before Paw came.

"Frank-Ed'ard," she whispered softly. "D'ya reckon you like me?"

Frank-Ed'ard smiled at her in the darkness. "I reckon I like you better 'n anybody I know," he told her solemnly. "I reckon I'd like—" Aylcee's heart sank, for there was Paw standing over them, glowering like an angry bull.

"Young feller," Paw's voice thundered, thick above them, "I want I should have a word with you."

"Not now, Paw," Aylcee begged. "Listen, the music's startin'. Ain't it sweet? Look Paw," she went on coaxingly, for she could see him wavering, "Reckon the boys round the corner 'r crackin' open another jug o' likker. You can tell Frank-Ed'ard tomorrow."

Paw nodded drunkenly. "Ye're dam right I'll tell him; I'm aimin' to tell 'im plenty, but it can wait." Aylcee grabbed Frank-Ed'ard's arm and pulled him toward the door.

"Dance with me, Frank-Ed'ard," she begged. "Dance with me quick."

Inside, the air was hot and steaming with the sweat of bodies. The men were dancing in their shirt-sleeves now and the women on the side lines were

fanning themselves with handkerchiefs or pieces of paper picked up from the floor. Frank-Ed'ard's forehead was thick with beads of sweat and his shirt felt damp upon his shoulder. If she could only keep him away from Paw while Paw was drunk; maybe after he was sober she could hold him off until Frank-Ed'ard made some move.

"Go to supper with me, Aylcee?" Frank-Ed'ard asked her as they danced.

"Course I will Frank-Ed'ard; ain't nobody else I'd want to eat with."

The door to the supper room was open, and people were lining up to get their food. Aylcee and Frank-Ed'ard stepped into line and pushed their way through, each taking a plate with sandwiches and potato salad and cake and a cup of coffee. At the end of the counter Frank-Ed'ard reached in his pocket and handed out some change to the girl who collected the money. Then they moved on to one of the tables. Oh Lord-in-Heaven, Aylcee whispered within. Now's the time. Let it be right now, oh Lord. But Frank-Ed'ard talked about the band of horses he had rounded up today instead of love, and Aylcee could only listen, nodding miserably.

The fiddlers were sawing out another square dance when they came back into the dance room, and Frank-Ed'ard swung Aylcee back onto the floor. Paw was not in sight. Maybe he was outside someplace dead drunk. Aylcee hoped so.

Paw hadn't showed up for almost an hour and Aylcee was sure he had passed out. For the first time that evening her feet felt light; she danced on air.

*All join hands and circle to the right.*



"Call 'er loud, Hi," Frank-Ed'ard shouted.

Then the crowd seethed in around them and they danced on hilariously.

*Swing yer partner with all yer might.*

Then Aylcee saw Paw reeling around the edge of the dancers toward the platform, eyes blood-shot, jaw set. She wondered curiously what he was about. She watched him as he climbed drunkenly up over the platform and laid a detaining hand upon Hi's arm.

"Stop the music," he shouted thickly.

The violins screeched to a stop and the pianist broke off with a crash.

"I got a gal," Pa went on hoarsely when the music was silent and the dancers still, "Purty gal, too, but she ain't doin' me no good."

Aylcee stood petrified. O Father-in-Heaven, what was Paw goin' to do?

"I aim to get rid of her," Paw roared. "I aim to have an auction here an' now, and she's gonna be the wife of the feller that can pay the most."

"Paw, Paw!" Aylcee was pushing her way through the crowd. "You cain't do this to me." She was sobbing.

Frank-Ed'ard pulled, "You can't stop him now," he told her. "He's drunk. Let him alone, he cain't do no harm."

Aylcee, her shoulders drooping, turned away from him and pushed through to the back of the crowd. Frank-Ed'ard wanted Paw to make a fool of her!

The crowd was buzzing with excitement, men laughing and making terrible jokes, and women gathering in disapproving groups. Paw was waving his arms and shouting hysterically.

"How much am I offered for my gal, Aylcee? She's a good looker and a good worker."

"The old fool's drunk," someone called out. "Take him away."

But the men in the back of the room were laughing and shouting for the auction to go on, and no one made a move to stop him.

"Oh Gawd," prayed Alycee, crouched against the door of the hall, "Let me die."

"How much am I bid?" Paw was repeating insistently.

"Ten dollars," some one shouted.

"Ten dollars, I'm bid," Paw repeated dispassionately. "She's worth more 'n that to me. Who'll bid me twenty-five?"

Now the head man of Mr. Oliver's shearing crew was staggering through the crowd.

"I'll pay ye twenty-five," he roared.

The crowd shrieked with laughter, and Paw's face took on a brighter look.

Suddenly Frank-Ed'ard was standing directly under Paw and looking up at him.

"I'll pay a hundred," he shouted.

Paw stared down at him, mouth open. "Gawd, man," he gasped, "She ain't worth that much to no one." Then, "Who'll pay me more?"

"One-five," the sheep-shearer bid, tongue thick, hands trembling.

"One-ten," Frank-Ed'ard cried out again, his face determined.

Aylcee couldn't stand any more. Sobbing miserably she slipped out into the darkness and ran down the road until she reached the edge of town. There she took off her shoes and moved slowly toward home. Frank-Ed'ard was makin' fun of her, biddin' jest like the old sheep-shearer. He didn't want to marry her. He just wanted to make fun.

"You made a fine mess of it," she accused the Lord bitterly. "You ain't no Gawd. I won't have none of You." At last she sat down by the side of the road and wept out her wretched tears.

She didn't hear the sound of horses' hoofs until Frank-Ed'ard was almost on top of her. The mare rared up on hind legs and stopped short, and Frank-Ed'ard was looking down at her in the dusk of dawn.

"I reckoned you'd be walkin' home," he said hesitantly. "I come to tell you that you belong to me. I just bought you from yere Paw."

Aylcee nodded dully. "Yes," she answered presently, "You bought me so's you could make sport of me. Well," she flared, "you cain't do it. You cain't hurt me. You ain't got the power."

Frank-Ed'ard was off his horse and looking down on her with such tenderness in his eyes that Aylcee caught her breath.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Aylcee girl," he told her miserably. "I seen yer old man didn't like me from the start and I been pinin' cause I was scared he wouldn't let me have ye fer my wife. When I seen him drunk and heard him shoutin' fer an auction I knowed it was my chance to make a bargain with him afore so many people that he wouldn't never dare to take it back. I thought you knowed what I was about." His blue eyes were pleading with her. Suddenly Aylcee had risen to her knees and was holding outstretched arms toward him.

"You could-a got me cheaper, Frank-Ed'ard," she whispered.

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# LITERARY NEWS

Commenting on a proposed migration of 3,000 Seminole Indians from Oklahoma to Mexico, John Markland suggests that this is the first instance of a body of American citizens renouncing their citizenship to take up residence in a foreign country. The Seminoles, nomadic by inclination, broke off from the Creek tribes long ago. Mabel Dodge Luhan, in *The Edge of Taos Desert*, sees the future of the western world in the hands of the Indian.

James Willard Schultz has a new book out, *Stained Gold*, a story for boys, of early Indian life and old days in Virginia City. The book was serialized in *American Boy* magazine. Hart Merriam Schultz, son of the writer, spent the summer painting at St. Mary's lake. He has now gone to Greer, Ariz., for the winter. His paintings will be on exhibit and sale at Tucson.

The October bulletin of The Poetry Society of America, annual poetry number, carries announcements of poetry prize winners and the following prize announcements: The Leacy Naylor Green-Leach Memorial Award \$100—Lyric Contest, closing May 15, address P. O. Box 194, Wellesley, Mass.; Harriet Monroe Memorial prize of \$100, to be given annually for five years. See June issue of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

G. P. Putman's Sons are publishers of Mary Sinton Leitch's book of verse, *Spider Architect*.

Ted Malone has been offering \$10 a day, Monday to Friday, for the best poem received suitable for his broadcast or poetry page in *Pictorial Review*. Address him C.B. S., 485 Madison Ave., N. Y., for rules.

Aldous Huxley writes a preface in praise of Charlotte Wolff's book on handreading. The book contains illustrated analyses of the hands of Bernard Shaw, Virginia Woolf, Osbert Sitwell, T. S. Eliot and others of like prominence. It is based on new methods of palmistry, is entitled *Hand Reading*, and is issued by Knopf.

Sixty-eight rare volumes, the private library of the late General Henry Kyd Douglas of Maryland, have been presented to the National Park Service. Douglas served on the staff of "Stonewall" Jackson, and was chief of staff to General Gordon and to Lieut. Gen. Early. The books bear the autographs of many distinguished men and women of the Civil War period.

In his column *Books of the Times*, Robert Van Gelder has this to say about writing for the pulps: "The Old World humility that the pulps seem to foster in persons working for them is a puzzle. Of course, a great many minds do go quietly to seed on a diet of pulp paper fiction . . . But the fiction isn't to blame for that, or the men who write it, or the men who publish it. Such minds were ready to decompose anyway." Herald Hersey, whose *Pulpwood Editor* prompts Van

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## NEW DIRECTIONS 1937

edited by James Laughlin IV.  
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NEW DIRECTIONS:  
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Gelder's comment, was born on a billiard table in Bozeman, Mont. His father was a newspaper man whose wandering took his family around the world, before his son began his enthusiastic editing of Greenwich Village "little" magazines, and climbed from them into the pulps.

John T. Frederick, former editor of *The Midland*, has been appointed State director of the Illinois Federal Writers Projects.

The Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, announce the publication of *The Checkered Tablecloth* a volume of lyrics by Bess Foster Smith of Weiser, Ida. Other October releases are *The Checkered Years*, an account of the 1880's in the Dakota territory, by Mary Boynton Cowdry, from her grandmother's diaries of that period; and Reva Stanley's *The Archer of Paradise*, biography of an original Mormon disciple, Parley P. Pratt.

Vardis Fisher has worked for 12 years, says the Caxton Book News, on a monument-

al novel of the Mormons. Tentatively Fisher calls it *Children of God*.

Modern Age Books, Inc., 155 East Street, N. Y., are distributing reprints and new titles in paper cover bindings at 25c and 35c. Reprints include such authors as Gide, Soroyan, Bolitho.

The inexpensive Harbrace editions of Harcourt, Brace and Co. include the Lynds' *Middletown*, Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* and others worthy any booklover's interest.

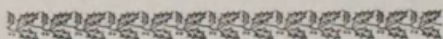
Mildred K. West, who edits a department in *The Leader*, Great Falls, Mont., can use short verse, short items, articles, human interest stories, suggestions of practical use to general or rural readers.

Lee Gregory, University of Wyoming graduate, has followed up *Live Alone and Like It*, with a book telling wives how to hold husbands (their own) entitled *Win Him If You Want Him*, published by Hillman Cull, New York (\$1.50). She is the wife of G. Edward Pendray, also an author and also of Wyoming.

*Stars are Caught* is the title of a new volume of poems by Richmond Raymond Anthony, published by The Bard Press, Jackson, Mo. (\$1.35).

Stephen Vincent Benet has this to say of *American Stuff*, by fifty members of the Federal Writers' Project: "... a unique piece of book making. It contains fairly well known names and unknown ones, Americana, poems, stories, articles, folklore and sections from unpublished novels. The interest ranges from the romances and corridas of New Mexico to a critical article on the work of Gertrude Stein. The Americana sections alone are well worth the price of admission—and judged purely on merit the thing would have been well worth doing... It is lively, unpretentious, and consistently interesting, with enough good work by both known and unknown to keep publishers' scouts busy."

The second annual book fair, sponsored jointly by 110 publishers and The New York Times, represented in the publishers' exhibits "110 different ways of calling a reader's attention to books of permanent or current interest." Dr. J. B. Rhine's provocative book on the results of his experiments in extrasensory perception, made at Duke University, was the central feature of Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. His test cards, shown in an electric machine, gave the public a chance to experiment and reach independent conclusions. Harcourt, Brace & Co. featured one outstanding book for each year of their publishing existence. Amelia Earhart's *Last Flight* was the 1937 book, shown with a case of her medals and trophies. Harper and Brothers used lighted silhouettes to illustrate some phase of the company's activity in every field of publishing for the past 120 years. Knopf's exhibit included projection pictures taken by Alfred A. Knopf of Sigrid Undset, Thomas Mann, Oswald Spengler, Dr. Logan Clendening, H. L. Mencken in informal



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poses. J. B. Lippincott Company's wooden horse slanted public attention toward Christopher Morley's new version of the old legend of Troy. Blue Ribbon Books featured *The Hurricane*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. G. & C. Merriam showed a diorama of a family scene when the 1828 edition of Webster's dictionary lay under the oil lamp on the parlor table.

An incredible amount of work went into the Book Fair. The idea was taken from London, where an annual fair sponsored by the London *Sunday Times* and British publishers was initiated in 1933. A new feature was an exhibit, "Behind the Scenes of a Publishing Office," showing what happens from the time a publisher begins to wonder whether he ought to accept a given manuscript, until the time the book is in the reader's hands. The exhibit includes letters exchanged between author and publisher, even to those directed toward getting the author out of jail or telling him how to mitigate his income tax.

Authors lecturing at the Book Fair included Fannie Hurst, Robert Frost, Hendrik Van Loon, Emil Ludwig, Vera Brittain, Helen Grace Carlisle.

Is this a turning-point in history? James Truslow Adams says, "Yes." ("We" are not just changing cars in hurry and confusion from one road of peace to another, but have entered upon a period of swifter and swifter change, and might as well make up our minds to it . . . Today, the movies, radio, newspapers in chains, and soon television, can mobilize with incredible speed not public opinion but that far worse thing, mob emotion . . . It is not too much to predict that changes in what we used to consider stable ideas and institutions may in future come with appalling suddenness. What does this mean for ourselves and perhaps the next few generations? . . . For ourselves, it means there is no such thing as security left."

James B. Rankin has returned to New York City after spending the summer in Montana gathering material for his biography of Charles Russell. While in the state, Mr. Rankin talked with all of Russell's old cronies he could find.

As the result of an article published in *Survey Graphic* for October, Joseph K. Howard, news editor of The Great Falls *Leader* and president of the Great Falls Newspaper Guild has been asked by Yale University Press to submit them anything of book length he may produce on the same or similar subject. The *Survey Graphic* article was "Shutdown on the Hill," a thorough study of the effect of a drought on a city such as Great Falls which depends upon both power and agriculture for its existence.

Herbert M. Peet, former Sunday editor of the Great Falls *Tribune*, is gathering material for a book dealing with the birth of the State of Montana. The book will cover the period 1888-1891. Mr. Peet now lives at Portland, Ore.

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# COVERED WAGON



**THE STORY TELLERS**—SIGFRED ROE is a writer of deep human sympathy who lives in St. Paul. ERIC THANE is the pen name of a young writer of Cut Bank, Montana, in the oil country and on the edge of a dust bowl. MARY RICHARDS, Michigan born, graduated from Northwestern University and began writing advertising in Chicago. SYLVIA SWEETMAN (Mrs. Eugene Sunderlin) after graduation from Montana State University, where she was an eager writer of stories, spent a year in Oxford, England, writing, having at times the counsel of Mr. E. J. O'Brien. She lives in New York, where her husband is connected with the University of Rochester. EDNA I. ASMUS has been for some years a newspaper woman of Chicago and writer, especially of travel articles. ARMON GLENN is secretary to the committee on admissions and graduation at Montana State University.

**THE POETS**—This is the third part of a poem in four sections by PAT V. MORRISSETTE, of Stevenson, Washington. GEORGE SHERMAN lives "in the fertile Skagit valley of Washington, which grows the world's cabbage and turnip seed and holds the world's record oat crop." He is a collector for the local light and power company and finds the occupation "congenial." From Oregon also are two of the poets, HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING and LYDIA LITTELL, both of Portland and both well known to our readers. Mr. Corning has just completed a visit to the Sixes River country on the southern coast of Oregon about which he has written many stories. He has a volume of them almost ready for publication. It is a wild, not

easily accessible country, with a people curiously well adapted to it. OPAL SHANNON (Des Moines) has contributed before to this magazine. GRANT REDFIELD (Cedar City, Utah) makes his initial appearance.

MARION LEEPER is a professor of English at Northern Montana College, Havre. Her brother, the late Judge Robert D. Leeper, wrote the volume of poems *Tscemicum*, published by H. G. Merriam, Missoula, which deals with people who built up Lewiston, Idaho. RALPH MICKEN is also a teacher, in the Great Falls (Montana) High School. He was granted his master's degree at Montana State University, offering a volume of poems in lieu of a thesis. KENNETH SPAULDING, also an M.A. from Montana State University, is working for an advanced degree at Iowa State University. FRANCES JOHNSON sends her trenchant poem from Altadena, California. CLOYD CRISWELL lives at Millersville, Penn.

**YOUNG WRITERS**—MARY STEWART is a student of story-writing under Professor W. F. G. Thacher at the University of Oregon. She has spent most of her life on an Eastern Oregon ranch near a settlement of Kentuckians. MARIE DE KONING is a junior at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. She "went through all the stages of young ambition—to be a dancer, singer, musician, artist, and writer. The last one, as an ambition, stuck."

CLYDE McLEMORE, Helena, Montana, has edited several historical documents for FRONTIER AND MIDLAND.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of the Frontier and Midland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Business Manager, Grace Baker.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

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H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of October, 1937.

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